

Mr. LACEY, from the Committee on Indian Affairs, to which was referred the bill of the House (H. R. 17486) to ratify an agreement with the Indians of the Crow Reservation, in Montana, and making appropriation to carry the same into effect, reported the same with amendments, accompanied by a report (No. 3843); which said bill and report were referred to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union.

#### REPORTS OF COMMITTEES ON PRIVATE BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS.

Under clause 2 of Rule XIII, private bills and resolutions of the following titles were severally reported from committees, delivered to the Clerk, and referred to the Committee of the Whole House, as follows:

Mr. ADAMS, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to which was referred the bill of the Senate (S. 5219) to grant an honorable discharge from the military service to Robert C. Gregg, reported the same without amendment, accompanied by a report (No. 3836); which said bill and report were referred to the Private Calendar.

Mr. GRAFF, from the Committee on Claims, to which was referred the bill of the House (H. R. 14283) for the relief of the First National Bank of Navasota, Tex., reported the same without amendment, accompanied by a report (No. 3844); which said bill and report were referred to the Private Calendar.

#### PUBLIC BILLS, RESOLUTIONS, AND MEMORIALS INTRODUCED.

Under clause 3 of Rule XXII, bills, resolutions, and memorials of the following titles were introduced and severally referred, as follows:

By Mr. GOLDFOGLE: A bill (H. R. 17492) prohibiting the use or keeping of explosive matches, commonly called "parlor matches," in any building used or occupied by the Government—to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

By Mr. CANNON, from the Committee on Appropriations: A bill (H. R. 17493) making appropriations to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, and for prior years, and for other purposes—to the Union Calendar.

By Mr. CLAYTON: A bill (H. R. 17494) to provide an emergency circulation fund, and for other purposes—to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

By Mr. GAINES of Tennessee: A resolution (H. Res. 456) providing for an inventory of all property in or belonging to the White House—to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

Also, a resolution (H. Res. 458) requesting a detailed statement from the President of the cost of repairing, remodeling, and adding to the White House—to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

Also, a resolution (H. Res. 459) requesting information from the Secretary of the Navy relative to architects employed in connection with the Naval Academy buildings—to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

By Mr. KNOX: A resolution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, favoring pensions for life savers—to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. CLARK: A resolution of the legislature of Missouri, relating to the Interstate Commerce Commission—to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By the SPEAKER: A resolution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, favoring pensions for life savers—to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. MOODY: A resolution of the legislature of Oregon, favoring the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people—to the Committee on Election of President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress.

#### PRIVATE BILLS AND RESOLUTIONS INTRODUCED.

Under clause 1 of Rule XXII, private bills and resolutions of the following titles were introduced and severally referred as follows:

By Mr. FEELY: A bill (H. R. 17495) granting a pension to Matilda Emrick—to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. YOUNG: A bill (H. R. 17496) granting an increase of pension to Anna G. McMurray—to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

#### PETITIONS, ETC.

Under clause 1 of Rule XXII, the following petitions and papers were laid on the Clerk's desk and referred as follows:

By Mr. CLARK: Petition of A. C. Sox and other citizens of Missouri, asking that the Missouri militia serving in the civil war be placed on a pensionable status—to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. CLAYTON: Petition of W. C. O'Neal, asking impeach-

ment proceedings against Charles Swayne, a United States district judge of Florida—to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. CORLISS: Petition of James Linskey and others, of Michigan, for reduction of tax on distilled spirits—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. CURTIS: Protests of numerous citizens of the State of Kansas against the parcels-post law—to the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads.

By Mr. DOVENER: Petition of the board of trade and 139 citizens of Moundsville, W. Va., for the improvement of the Ohio River—to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

By Mr. HAMILTON: Petition of Broadhead Post, of Paw Paw, and William Goodman Post, No. 412, Department of Michigan, Grand Army of the Republic, in support of House bill 17103, permitting the payment of the value of public lands to persons entitled to make entry upon such lands in certain cases—to the Committee on the Public Lands.

By Mr. HAUGEN: Petition of J. E. Smith and other citizens of Oelwein, Iowa, favoring the passage of House bill 15331—to the Committee on the Judiciary.

By Mr. KAHN: Resolutions of City Front Federation and Shipwrights and Caulkers' Union No. 9163, of San Francisco, Cal., for the repeal of the desert-land law—to the Committee on the Public Lands.

By Mr. KERN: Petition of retail druggists and other citizens of Smithton, Ill., urging the passage of House bill 178, for the reduction of the tax on alcohol—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. KNOX: Resolutions of the Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic, urging the passage of House bill 14105, giving preference to honorably discharged war veterans in appointments—to the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service.

By Mr. LACEY: Resolutions of Phil Kearney Post, of Oskaloosa, and Cloutman Post, No. 69, of Ottumwa, Iowa, Grand Army of the Republic, against placing the statue of Gen. R. E. Lee, of the Confederate army, in the Statuary Hall of the United States Capitol—to the Committee on the Library.

By Mr. LONG: Protest of citizens of the Seventh Congressional district of Kansas against the enactment of the parcels-post bill—to the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads.

By Mr. McCLEARY: Resolutions of Cigar Makers' Union No. 294, of Duluth, Minn., favoring House bill 16457, relating to gifts in connection with the sale of tobacco and cigars—to the Committee on Ways and Means.

By Mr. SHOWALTER: Petition of 43 citizens of Beaver, Pa., for the improvement of the Ohio River—to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

By Mr. THOMAS of North Carolina: Petition of citizens of Craven County, N. C., for the improvement of Cone Creek—to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

By Mr. WOODS: Resolutions of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, Cal., favoring encouragement of American merchant marine—to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

Also, resolutions of the same in favor of increasing the Navy—to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

By Mr. YOUNG: Resolutions of the Trades League of Philadelphia and the Maritime Association of the port of New York favoring the passage of a ship-subsidy bill—to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

Also, petition of Anna G. McMurray for increase of pension—to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, February 22, 1903.

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Mr. MOODY, as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain of the House, Rev. HENRY N. COUDEN, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal, ever living God, our Heavenly Father, we bless Thee for that spirit of patriotism and profound gratitude which moves the people throughout our nation to meet in commemoration of the birth of him whom we delight to call the Father of our Country. We thank Thee for that mentality which enabled him to grasp and solve great problems; for that divination which enabled him to penetrate the future and predict results; for that personality which enabled him to command men; for the fervor of his religious nature which enabled him to rely upon Thee for strength and support, and which brought him to his knees at Valley Forge, the darkest hour in that struggle for liberty, right, and justice, where he received consolation and light. Long may his memory live in the hearts of his countrymen, and longer yet his deeds inspire men to truer, nobler life.

We meet here to-day in special service to commemorate the lives and characters of men who have wrought upon the floor of this House and made conspicuous their names in history. We bless Thee for them and for what they did. Let the light which came down from Heaven in the person of Thy Son fill the hearts of the bereaved, that they may see beyond the veil that larger life in the mansions above. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE THOMAS H. TONGUE.

Mr. MOODY (Mr. COOMBS having taken the chair). Mr. Speaker, as the only member of the House of Representatives from the State of Oregon, the melancholy duty devolves upon me to offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. THOMAS H. TONGUE, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Oregon.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be, and is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were adopted.

Mr. MOODY. Mr. Speaker, a number of members of the House have indicated their desire to participate in the proceedings of to-day, and some of them are unavoidably absent. I therefore ask unanimous consent for general leave to print.

There being no objection, leave was granted.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, we have met to-day in this House of Representatives to pay a last tribute of love and respect to our late distinguished member, the Hon. THOMAS H. TONGUE, of the State of Oregon.

I am well assured that in this instance this is no perfunctory service, but a voluntary offering of our testimonials to the life, character, and public service of a man we all learned to admire and esteem while associated with us as a member of this body.

His sudden demise at an age when his faculties and abilities were capable of the greatest benefit to himself, his family, his State, and his nation is one of those mysterious workings of Providence to which we bow in submission, but with sorrow and regret.

Human life should not be measured by the years which it has spanned, but by the deeds it has accomplished, by its achievements in human action, by the impress such a life may leave upon the community and the State; and judged by such a standard Mr. TONGUE had far exceeded the ordinary limit of life, and has endowed his family and his community with a rich heritage in an honored name.

He moved to Oregon with his parents in 1859, when about 15 years of age. He completed his education at Pacific Grove University, at Forest Grove, Oreg., in 1868. Equipped with a fair degree of learning, a rather frail body, and the genius of an untiring energy and industry, he commenced the battle of life. His was an industry which counts not the hours, but measures the task; that stops not at obstacles, but when they are met rather rejoices at the opportunity of overcoming them. He had a courage, a confidence in his ability to accomplish his objects and desires that never wavered or faltered, and an application of mind and body in every pursuit of life which was almost irresistible. He entered the battle of life with no worldly goods. He carried his all in his head and in his heart, and still he was richer by far than many a young man who has inherited great riches. He was wealthy in those endowments of mind and character which command public confidence and demand the respect and support of men of business affairs.

He stepped into the arena a young man, clear in intellect, with a high moral standard and with an ambition to well deserve the confidence of the public.

He was admitted to the bar in 1870, and at once chose for his home the town of Hillsboro, situate in the beautiful valley of the Willamette, where he continued to reside until his death. Here he labored with his hands and with his head. He despised no honorable task. He was incorruptible in every undertaking, either of private or public nature. His career as a lawyer was successful from the beginning, and he always retained a lucrative practice, but with a temperament so active as was his he could not confine himself wholly to his law practice and engaged quite extensively in farming and stock raising, of which he was very fond.

He took little part in the political affairs of his State until 1888, although from boyhood he had identified himself with and had a keen interest and insight in the policy and success of the Republican party.

In 1888 he was elected to the senate of his State and became chairman of the judiciary committee. From that time until his death he was one of the most prominent factors in the political affairs of his State.

He combined those essential characteristics of statesmanship, integrity of purpose and intuitive and fearless adherence to the principles of fairness and justice, with a patriotism which was almost a passion.

He loved his country, he was proud of his State, and he had a generous affection for all of her citizens.

He was first elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress, and was subsequently elected to the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Congresses. He came in with the Administration of President McKinley, heartily in sympathy with the measures and policies recommended by that distinguished President.

He was well equipped in mental training and experience obtained in the legislature of his own State to assume the arduous and often exacting duties of a member of this body.

His modest and retiring demeanor when he first took his seat upon this floor kept his great ability as an orator and an analytic debater concealed through an entire session of Congress, but early in the second session of the Fifty-fifth Congress, when the Hawaiian Islands were asking admission to this Republic, he made a speech upon the question of the admission of those islands which called the attention of the House and the entire country to his great ability as a statesman and forensic debater.

His supreme confidence in his country and her duty, her destiny, and her future development can not better be portrayed than by a brief quotation from his speech made at that time.

He said:

I have neither the time nor the inclination to discuss the constitutional questions involved in this resolution. Somewhere there must, and does, reside the sovereign right to annex a people willing to become a part of our Government. I regret that our friends upon the other side of the House are only able to see in the Constitution of this country, not a chart of liberty and a guaranty of freedom, but chains that bind the hands and fetter the feet of a strong young nation struggling to work out its grand destiny.

We need these islands, not to enable us to extend our territorial boundaries, but our trade; not political, but commercial empire; not an outlet for growing population, but for growing energies, increasing productions, expanding exports. This is but the beginning. In the coming century the most marked industrial development the world will witness will be in the eastern part of Asia. Her people are awakening from the sleep of centuries. An old but strong giant is just realizing its strength. Realizing their ignorance, they are calling upon us to enlighten and lead them. Led by American skill, American enterprise, American ingenuity, inspired by American energy, their growth and development will be the marvel of the twentieth century.

Mr. TONGUE was, in all his essential characteristics, a type of the splendid manhood developed with the developing country of the far West. His own estimate of the people who have grown into a mighty empire on the Pacific coast is best expressed in his own words, when he says:

The fertility of our soil, the wealth of our forests, the extent of our domain, the enterprise and intelligence of our people, are not known in the East. Our boundless prairies, our magnificent forests, our vast mineral wealth, the healthfulness and salubrity of our climate, escape your notice. Our people are but little better understood. The pioneer men and women who settled in the West were strong and rugged in health as in character, full of energy, courageous in enterprise, thoughtful and ambitious.

The people of the West are bound but little by ancient prejudices. They look little to the past; rather to the present and the future. They prefer yourself to your ancestry. They care little for what you have been or for what you possess, but much for what you are and what you can do. In the West honest work has never ceased to be honorable. With her rugged people the sweat of labor is a kingly crown. Wealth and position earned by honest toil and laudable endeavor are esteemed more than those acquired by the toil and effort of others.

Thus in measuring up the characteristics of his own people he characterizes most effectually himself as one of the highest types of the development of that country.

He was, early in his Congressional career, assigned to the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands and to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. In the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands, of which he subsequently became chairman, he showed a deep interest and comprehensive thought and knowledge of the development and reclamation of those vast but rich areas of our public domain which are to-day barren, but which may be made fertile by irrigation and later become the homes of settlers and grow into fertile fields.

As a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee he has always been most earnest in his advocacy of the improvement, not only of the waterways of his own State, but of the entire Pacific coast. The large appropriations secured for such improvements in the recent Congresses can be largely traced to his ever-watchful care for the interests of the Pacific coast.

The improvement of the Columbia River at its mouth and at The Dalles was one of the measures that was nearest his heart. He had stated that if he could secure a deep waterway in the Columbia River from The Dalles to the sea he would ask for no more honorable or enduring monument to his memory.

He saw in the improvement of that river at its mouth the precursor of a commerce which would invite the vessels of all nations to trade in the valleys of that great waterway and would add to the wealth and development of his State.



He saw immense possibilities in the improvement at The Dalles and the connecting of the Upper and Lower Columbia by a navigable waterway which would tend to the development of the most fertile and productive, and, I might add, the largest, wheat-growing areas in the world, embracing eastern Oregon, eastern Washington, and western Idaho—an area larger than the States of New York and Pennsylvania combined—which is now largely awaiting the advantages to be derived by the improvement of The Dalles to make this large area the home of millions of prosperous and happy people. Such were his dreams and his ambitions; to such purpose he lent his every energy of mind and body. With him death came all too soon. His purposes were well formed, but the Grim Reaper took him before the harvest was fully ripe. Others will take up the work and carry on the projects, the foundations for which he has so securely laid.

It was my sad duty, as one of the members of a committee, to accompany his remains from the city of Washington to their last resting place, in the State he so dearly loved.

The love and veneration in which he was held were most amply testified to by the people of the entire State as soon as we had entered its borders. Every town and hamlet contributed its entire quota of citizens, who stood along the track with bowed and uncovered heads and with sad faces to watch the passing of our train, bearing all that was left of the friend they loved and the statesman they had lost.

In his own town, on the day of the funeral, thousands gathered from all parts of the State. The governor, all of the State officers, both branches of the legislature, the supreme court, and the judges of the various courts, together with other distinguished citizens of the State, were all there to testify to their love and esteem and their realization of their bereavement. As many as could gathered in the little church which he made his Christian home almost from boyhood, while the sorrowing multitude stood along the street on the outside, heedless of the inclement weather, anxious only to show how keenly they felt the loss of their friend and their representative.

Inside the little church, amidst a wealth of flowers, the old pastor, with trembling voice and faltering words, spoke but the echo of all who had known Mr. TONGUE during his lifetime. It was a touching scene, and one might well say that thrice blest is the man who can thus live in a community and thus die, retaining always the respect, love, and esteem of all.

We followed him to his last resting place in the little grove of pine trees outside of town and consigned him to mother earth in the valley of the Willamette, whose very soil he had enriched by his toil among the people who had watched his growth from boyhood, who had watched him in his rising career, who had rejoiced with his success, and who had sorrowed with his family at the loss of their friend.

The path he had trod from his young manhood to the last hour of his life was not one of ease and worldly pleasure. He courted contact with the stern realities, and matched his great abilities, his sturdy will, and tireless endeavor against the obstacles that might appall one less reliant. But all along that pathway are planted the flowers of friendship, of kindly and generous deeds, which have given out their sweet perfume to bless and gladden the lives of others, and which will continue to grow and shed their fragrance in the years to come.

**Mr. MONDELL.** Mr. Speaker, the uncertainty of our tenure of this house of clay was brought startlingly to the attention of each of us with the passing of our friend and colleague in whose memory we are gathered to-day. One day in the enjoyment of usual health, busily engaged in the discharge of duty and looking confidently forward to the realization of hopes and plans, and the next called from this scene of labor and endeavor to the quiet of the grave and the untried experiences of the land beyond the border.

It is best that it should be so; that the time of our going should be veiled in uncertainty; that there be no visible measure of the span of life, no fixed date of departure hence, for we are by this admonished to so live and strive at all times that when our "summons come to join the innumerable caravan which moves unto the silent halls of death" we may be found like our departed friend, if not with our work and labor completed, at least our tasks so planned and wrought, that portion done so well done, that our life and labors shall present no loose and tangled ends, no ill-formed plans half executed, but so far as time was granted a perfect plan well wrought, the skeins and strands of life well in hand, the structure of our hopes and aims so intelligently and securely reared that he who comes after may build with confidence on the foundations we have laid, and complete with assurance of harmony of plan with purpose the work we had begun.

**THOMAS H. TONGUE** was a doer of deeds, an earnest thinker, a faithful worker. Whatever he set his hand to do he did with his might. With him no task was trivial, no duty to be performed or responsibility laid was lightly esteemed or slightly executed.

He was of those serious, sturdy natures to whom thoroughness and devotion to duty in every detail is a religion, almost a fetish. His industry and earnestness made him a valuable and effective member of this body and commanded the respect and admiration of his colleagues. In committee he was a power by reason of his mastery of the subjects to which he gave his attention and on the floor efficient by his earnestness and the intense conviction which was apparent in all his utterances.

As is generally the case with deep and earnest natures, he was tender of heart and kindly of spirit, but these qualities he most discovered to those who were intimate with him, and particularly to those bound to him by ties of affection and kinship. He was a good husband, a loving and indulgent father, his family was ever dear to him as he to them, and their happiness and welfare was ever uppermost in his thoughts.

And so one more name is added to the roll of faithful servants of honest, earnest representatives of the people who have passed from the labors here to the rewards of faithful service hereafter. Those whose representative he was on this floor have lost an earnest champion and an effective advocate, the country a painstaking and intelligent lawmaker, his friends a kindly companion, his family a loving guardian and a strong defender.

His advice will be missed in counsel and his voice in debate, but his labors for his State and the nation and his helpful influence in all things shall be neither lost nor forgotten.

It is at once a most sobering and cheering thought that the influence of our lives is never lost and that whatever else may be mortal and transitory our action and influence are immortal; that the trains of causes that our words, thoughts, and deeds set in motion move ever onward and outward through the medium of mind and matter, beyond the shores of the narrow span we call time to the boundless shores of eternity. How all important, then, it is that, like our departed friend, all our acts and all our influences shall be for good, that through them we may live through measureless distances and endless periods, to our everlasting credit and the never-ending benefit of others.

**Mr. DAVIDSON.** Mr. Speaker, how appropriate it is that on this Sabbath day, having rested from our usual vocations and with no thought of legislation or suggestion of business, we should here assemble for the purpose of paying our tribute to the memory of one who respected the Sabbath day and kept it holy. On this day, when those who acknowledge allegiance to the great Master of the Universe are wont to assemble and invoke His spirit for their guidance and aid, we, the friends and colleagues of **THOMAS H. TONGUE**, here assemble for the laudable purpose of doing honor to the memory of one who honored this House by being a member of it, and whose noble and generous deeds in behalf of his country, his State, his people, and his family will ever be cherished in the memory of those who knew him.

For over forty-four years **THOMAS H. TONGUE** had been a resident of the State of Oregon. His parents were among those sturdy pioneers who in the early day made their way into the valley of the Willamette, where they builded for themselves a home in the wilderness. Our late colleague was then a boy of tender years, but from that time to the day of his death he labored with all his strength and all his energy for the development of that splendid section of our common country. In due time he completed a college and law course and commenced the practice of his profession. Always faithful in the discharge of every duty, he won the confidence of his neighbors and the people of his State, and gradually he was advanced from one position to another until in the election of 1896 he was chosen as Representative from the First district of Oregon to the National Congress.

That he retained the confidence and esteem of his people is evidenced by the ever-increasing majorities which he received at the elections which returned him to the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses and also to the Fifty-eighth. While I had the honor of knowing him in a general way during the Fifty-fifth Congress, it was not until the Fifty-sixth Congress that, by reason of having been assigned to the same committee with him, that of Rivers and Harbors, I came to know him more intimately. The Committee on Rivers and Harbors in the discharge of its duties knows neither partisanship nor sectionalism. Hence its members become closely attached to each other and work together most harmoniously.

Those who served with **Mr. TONGUE** on that committee know how faithfully he studied every proposition; how carefully he protected the Public Treasury from unwise expenditure, and how zealously he strove for those things which he believed to be right and just. His other committee assignments gave him exceptional opportunity to advance and protect the interests of his section of the country, and he always availed himself of every legitimate opportunity to work for those things which would be of benefit not only to the whole country, but to the State which in part he had the honor to represent.



I am told that he was always very attentive to departmental duties, and we know that on the floor of this House he was always faithful in attendance, watchful of legislation, and as ready always to support a good measure as to defeat a vicious one. Knowing all this, it is hard for us to realize that his work was finished and that the time had come for him to rest from his labors. Yet it is not for us to question, it is not for us to doubt. He who rules the universe and determines all things had thus ordained, and we can not believe that the book of his life was closed until the accounts were fully balanced. Him whom our friend believed in called him hence, and as he had faithfully followed the Master in this life he was ready to answer "Here am I" when the summons came.

In our weakness and frailty we can not understand why he who seemed so well and strong, so full of life and energy, so able and willing to serve his people and his country, should be called away at such a time and so suddenly. Yet some day we will understand, "for now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now we know in part; then we shall know even as we are known."

On Sunday, January 11, 1903, at the very hour when at his home his family and friends were wont to attend on divine service, he, at the capital city, where his duty called him, and surrounded only by a portion of his family, was summoned, almost without warning, into the presence of his Maker. Verily may it be said of him, as was said by Napoleon of a certain soldier of France, "He died on the field of honor."

We who were selected by the Congress of the United States to act as escort to his remains, performed that duty to the best of our ability.

On Monday evening, the day following his death, we commenced that long, sad journey. With those members of his family who were here we traveled to the west. For five days that journey continued. By night and by day we traveled over plains, across rivers, and through mountain passes. Back over the same route by which he had so lately come, in the strength of his manhood, to discharge the obligations imposed upon him by his people, we now bore his lifeless remains. Down through that section "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing" we bore him.

Past The Dalles and the Cascades, the Falls of Multnomah, and the Bridal Veil, through the metropolis city of his State, the city in whose splendid commercial and industrial development he took such pride, and where those who knew his worth came in large numbers to join us, we journeyed, and finally out to Hillsboro, his home, we took him. There, just as the shades of night were falling, just as the clouds of darkness were settling o'er the earth and when even the very air seemed heavy with sorrow, and the raindrops fell as falls the tears of affection upon a loved one's bier, we gave over to his fraternal companions and brothers the lifeless remains of our late colleague, while his children, whom we had likewise accompanied, were tenderly received into the arms of friends and neighbors and escorted to that home where the sorely stricken wife and mother waited their return.

On the following day, Sunday, the funeral services were held. The remains were first taken to the county court-house, where as a young lawyer Mr. TONGUE had first pleaded the cause of justice, and where in the practice of his profession he had won victories for truth and right, and there the public were given an opportunity to gaze for the last time upon the face of their representative and friend.

That he was honored by the people and loved by his neighbors was evidenced by the large concourse of people who assembled on that occasion. The governor and the leading officers of the State were there. Nearly all the members of both branches of the legislature were there. The societies of which he had been a faithful and useful member, the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, attended in large delegations, each member wearing the badge of mourning and each feeling he had indeed lost a brother.

The floral decorations were most beautiful, ranging from large set pieces to the smallest bouquet, and came alike from the rich and poor, evidence of the love and affection which all the people had for him.

The services proper were held in the Methodist Church, of which Mr. TONGUE had for years been a member, and were conducted by the pastors of the different churches of the village. The prayer was offered by Rev. Cline, a former pastor of the church and an intimate friend of the family, and the principal address was delivered by Dr. Rockwell, of Portland, who also had long been a personal friend of the deceased and of his family.

At the conclusion of the services at the church the remains were taken to the cemetery. There, just as the sun was sinking and as twilight came about us, beneath the shadow of the pine and fir, and almost within view of the place which had for so long been his home, his remains, according to the beautiful burial service of the Masonic order, were consigned to their last resting place.

And there we left him. Left him with those with whom and for whom he had so long labored. Left him with those whom he loved and those whom he had served. To them his lifeless clay belongs, but the splendid achievements he had wrought for his people and for his country belong not alone to the people of Hillsboro, but as well to the State of Oregon and to the country, and long will those who knew and appreciated his worth mourn his death.

The people of Hillsboro lost a good neighbor and faithful friend, an industrious and active citizen. The State of Oregon lost a man who, by reason of his ability and experience, was eminently qualified to care for its interests and advance its welfare, and the nation lost a public servant whose breadth of mind and conscientious study made him one of its most useful legislators.

But there are some who by reason of his death have suffered a still greater loss. The home circle, which to him was ever the center of all his earthly affections, has been broken. The aged parents have lost the care and protection of a dutiful son. His children have lost a kind-hearted and loving parent, and she who for so many years had been the object of his tenderest care and solicitude has lost a true and devoted husband.

Within the sacred portals of that home, now the abode of sorrow and affliction, we would not intrude. Words of comfort and consolation from practical strangers are of but little avail, yet we venture out of our sincere sympathy to offer them. To the broken-hearted widow it may seem now as if there was no ray of light from out the future, yet "He who doeth all things well" has said to those so sorely afflicted, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." Left to comfort, sustain, and protect her are the children of her family, manly sons and queenly, loving daughters, who will ever do their utmost to take the place of the one who has gone on before. Upon their strong arms she can lean for support until finally waking on the other shore she will find stretched out to greet her the arms of him who for so many years sheltered and protected her here.

In that romance of early Indian Oregon the author of the "Bridge of the Gods" has beautifully expressed the thought of that union hereafter when referring to the unchangeableness of the mighty Columbia, which, notwithstanding constant and continuous change in other things, still flows onward, ever onward, to the sea. He says, "Generation after generation, daring hunter, ardent discoverer, silent Indian—all the shadowy peoples of the past have sailed its waters as we sail them, have lived perplexed and haunted by mystery as we live, have gone out into the Great Darkness with hearts full of wistful doubt and questioning, as we go; and still the river holds its course, bright, beautiful, inscrutable. It stays; we go. Is there anything beyond the darkness into which generation follows generation and race follows race? Surely there is an after life, where light and peace shall come to all who, however defeated, have tried to be true and loyal; where the burden shall be lifted and the heartache shall cease; when all the love and hope that slipped away from us here shall be given back to us again and given back forever."

Mr. BELLAMY. Mr. Speaker, when the announcement was made on Sunday, January 11 last, that our colleague, the Hon. THOMAS H. TONGUE, had suddenly expired at his place of residence in this city, it cast a gloom over his friends and all of his associates who had known him well. Death came to him without warning and as suddenly as "the twinkling of the eye." Although at the time the partner of his bosom, his beloved wife, was absent at their home in the far distant West, he had a son and daughter present to tenderly care for him.

To those whose lives have not been lived with virtue and charity as prescribed by the standard of the Christian, the sudden and unexpected approach of the "dread messenger" must come with horror and with awe. But when death knocks at the door of one who has lived in peace with his God and his fellow-man, who has practiced the sublime tenets of the Golden Rule and discharged his duty to society by a clean and honorable life, we can but know that his approach must be greeted with calm solemnity and reverential regard, for the peace and resignation of the true Christian betokens this fact and is a blessed assurance thereof. So it must have been with our distinguished departed friend on his entrance to his eternal journey, that "dull, mysterious exodus of death."

My acquaintance with him began in the Fifty-sixth Congress, but it was not until the present Congress, when he was made chairman of the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands, that I learned to know him well. I found him ever a sincere, honest, patient, painstaking, and courteous companion, who always conscientiously discharged every duty devolving upon him, but specially made his legislative work a matter of first importance, to which every other duty must yield.



He rarely addressed the House, but when any pending legislation affecting his people or his section claimed his attention, he always spoke with a clearness and directness and with such true sincerity of purpose that he at once secured and held the attention of his colleagues—a power which few members possess.

I was one of the funeral escort that accompanied his remains to his far-distant home, near the Pacific coast.

Over the dreary plains and prairies, along the banks of the beautiful and historic Columbia, whose legends he was so wont to relate, we patiently bore him until we reached his home in the land of the setting sun, where we tenderly gave him to his sorrowing family and friends; and there all that was mortal of our esteemed colleague was laid in the tomb, where he will rest in the beautiful valley of the Willamette until resurrection morn.

THOMAS H. TONGUE must have been a rare man, for no ordinary man could have had paid to him the tribute of love and respect which was tendered his mortal remains. Unusual public and civic honors were shown him, and the attendant ceremonies would have befitting the demise of an exalted ruler. Not only his neighbors at his home in the town of Hillsboro but friends from distant parts of the State of Oregon came to pay tribute of respect to his memory.

Both branches of the legislature of his State came from the capital to show him reverence, those bodies having adjourned in his honor. The members of the supreme court were present to share in the sorrow. To show him respect came from the city of Portland many of its best citizens, irrespective of political affiliations; and the society of Odd Fellows, Masons, Pythians, and other orders of which he was an honored member attended the funeral in a body. All churches united in their services at his funeral. So great an outpouring of all classes is seldom seen, showing esteem and respect to the memory of their fellow-man; but such honors were richly deserved by the able and efficient legislator, the pure and honorable man, and the faithful public servant that he was.

Our friend was of "faithful English blood." "No persecution merciless and blind drove over the sea, that desert desolate," this man and his family, as was the lot of many of the first and early settlers of the Eastern coast. Attracted by the tempting allurements of the fertile land of the West, to better their fortunes came his parents and settled in the splendid valley of the Willamette. Reared in the school of the pioneer, he received that strong and sturdy training which develops character and self-reliance. He grew to manhood imbued with the best thoughts and aspirations of a liberty-loving American and impressed by the environments of a section rich in fertility as well as in story and in lore.

By his lofty character and his devotion to duty he became thoroughly embedded in the confidence of his people. He lived a life of rectitude and died with the genuine regret of his colleagues and his fellow-countrymen. If I were asked what were his most striking characteristics displayed in his intercourse with his fellow-members of Congress, I should say honesty and a thorough dedication of himself to duty—as a great dramatist calls it, "the modesty of fearful duty."

In this world, if we conduct ourselves so as to justly merit the esteem and confidence of our fellow-men, and establish a character for sterling integrity, for lofty patriotism, for unswerving loyalty to duty and the possession of Christian principles, we will not have lived our lives in vain. Such was the conduct and such the character of the late Hon. THOMAS H. TONGUE, and his children and his children's children may delight in the possession of this rich heritage which he has so surely transmitted to them.

MR. NEEDHAM. Mr. Speaker, as a Representative in part, upon this floor, from one of the Pacific coast States, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the high character, worth, and ability of the late THOMAS H. TONGUE, whose sudden death so shocked the membership of this House and brought poignant grief to his family, his friends, and a deep feeling of almost irreparable loss to the State of Oregon.

As disclosed by the Congressional Directory, THOMAS H. TONGUE was one of 16 members elected to this House of the Fifty-seventh Congress who was of foreign birth and parentage. Notwithstanding his foreign birth, however, he was an intense American in the highest sense of the word. His parents in his early life came to this country and settled in Oregon, where he was educated, and where he achieved his success.

MR. TONGUE was intensely loyal to the State of Oregon, to the Pacific coast, and to the West. This loyalty, however, was neither narrow nor sectional. He believed most firmly that whatever was beneficial to the nation was beneficial as well to the Pacific coast and to the West. He had no sympathy nor patience with those who advocated that a policy beneficial to the East was antagonistic to the welfare of the West, and his votes upon this floor exemplify this belief, and yet, at the same time, he zealously and loyally, and with signal ability and success, promoted and

protected, by his course in this body, the true interests of his constituency and of his State.

MR. TONGUE, immediately upon his admission to the bar in the year 1870, began the practice of law at Hillsboro. He was unusually successful, achieving a high standing at the bar of his State, a bar numbering among its members some of the great legal lights of our country. Hillsboro is a small town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is not far from Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, and although his reputation as a lawyer was such that he could probably have removed to the larger field of Portland, where undoubtedly he would have been accorded immediate recognition, still his love for and loyalty to the community in which he had achieved his successes were so great that the thought of removing did not appeal to him. Before his death he had plans drawn for the erection of a building in Hillsboro, in which he hoped to maintain a thoroughly modern law office. His life is an exemplification of the fact that as great success can be achieved in the small rural communities as in the more congested centers of population.

In this rural community his life work, outside of that accomplished in this Hall, was wrought. Here his material interests were centered. In addition to his long and active career as a lawyer he found time to engage in agricultural pursuits and in the raising of live stock. He was a great lover of the horse—the noblest of all animals. He bred and raised some of the best trotting stock in Oregon. His interest and pride in this avocation was simply because of his love for this noble beast.

His work as a member of this body during the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses is well known to us all. Literally speaking, he died in harness, at the very height of his usefulness, and in his death the State of Oregon loses a useful, loyal, and experienced Representative, and this House a conservative, painstaking member, and many of us a true friend.

He is survived by his aged father and mother, loving wife, five beautiful daughters, and two manly sons. To them his sudden demise is a cruel blow; yet this obedient son, this loving husband, this kindly father, left an example to them which time in its course, let us hope, may temper the grief which now seems almost inconsolable.

As one of and with those appointed by the Speaker of this House to accompany the remains of our late colleague to his final resting place, and in the presence of hundreds of his neighbors and friends, we laid him in that land described by Joaquín Miller as—

The mist-kissed shores of Oregon.

MR. LAWRENCE. Mr. Speaker, I can hope to add little to the eloquent and touching tributes which have to-day been paid to the memory of THOMAS H. TONGUE. Those who knew him well and intimately have told the story of his public life, of his long and faithful service to the people of his State and country. And yet I feel that I must speak at least briefly of my own sense of personal loss and of the esteem I had for one who by ability and unflagging industry had made himself an honored and useful member of this House.

His sudden death was so great a shock to me that I can hardly yet realize that he has gone; that a life so full of usefulness and promise has ended. He was at the very height of that usefulness when the summons came. Had he been permitted to live no one who knew of the faithfulness with which he had served the people of his State and of their firm and abiding confidence in him could doubt that he would have continued in the public service for many years, and would have been called to positions of still greater honor and responsibility. It is not to be wondered at that the people of Oregon sincerely mourn the loss of one who worked with all his strength for their interests, who had for so many years stood that most satisfactory of all tests, the test of service, and had not been found wanting.

It is my good fortune to have served upon the same committee with him for four years. The long weeks and months spent in the committee room in the preparation of great appropriation bills afford an unusual opportunity to form a clear and just estimate of the character and worth of a man. The hearty tributes to which you have just listened show the respect and regard in which Mr. TONGUE was held by those who have been so intimately associated with him in the public service. They have borne testimony to an honest admiration for sterling qualities and devotion to duty.

He was attentive to business and showed so thorough a knowledge of commercial conditions and the needs of the country that we always derived profit from listening to his views. Ready at all times to fight for the interests of his State, he was nevertheless broad minded and liberal in his views, and did not seek to advance the welfare of his own part of the country by sacrificing that of another section. In the committee room of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors there is a sincere purpose to eliminate

party lines and sectional lines in the consideration of projects which are designed to promote the interests of our common country. With that purpose Mr. TONGUE was in hearty accord and never permitted his actions to be governed by narrow prejudice. As a member of that committee, I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to give public expression, inadequate though it be, to my appreciation of his faithfulness and my realization of the loss to the public service caused by his untimely death.

About two years ago I had the pleasure of visiting his home and meeting many of his friends and neighbors. I am glad I had that opportunity to witness the regard in which he was held by those among whom he had lived for so many years. Their pride in him was very evident; that they looked on him as a tried and true friend was clear. After all there is no success in life which can bring to a man the happiness which comes from the friendship and approval of his home folks. That he had in such full measure as to amply compensate him for all the years of hard work and untiring effort.

The sorrow which has befallen his family is very great, and I do not want to close without a word of tender and sincere sympathy for them. His friends here are mourning with them. During the years which are to come they can not fail to find comfort in the memory of his distinguished life, characterized so signally by love for the State and country he had served so well. He has gone from us, but he was so full of life I can not think of him as dead.

There are no dead; we fall asleep  
To waken where they never weep.  
We close our eyes to pain and sin,  
Our breath ebbs out, but life flows in.

Mr. RANSDELL of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, in the sudden death of Mr. THOMAS H. TONGUE we realize fully the words of the Scripture that "in the midst of life we are in death," and that death comes "like a thief in the night." His death was perhaps the most sudden of any of our members in the present Congress. I saw him only three days before his death in the office of the Chief of Engineers, where I was transacting some business in connection with the committee of which he also was a member. Recalling that I had seen him there only three days before, apparently so well and hearty, I could not realize the fact when informed on Sunday morning that he was dead.

I was one of those appointed to attend his funeral, to take that long journey across the continent from one ocean to the other—nearly 3,300 miles—and it was a melancholy satisfaction to accompany him on that last earthly journey. I will not attempt to describe it to you. That has been done already in most eloquent language by three of the gentlemen who have preceded me. I wish to say, however, that I think it is a beautiful custom which this House observes—that of sending a guard of honor to escort the remains of our deceased brothers to their last resting place when they die here at the post of duty. It is certainly as little as we can do.

Mr. TONGUE was exceedingly popular in his district. It was a district normally Republican by three to four thousand majority. But his majority at the last election was 7,318. When he first ran, in 1896, there was a fusion between the Populists and the Democrats, and his defeat by fully 1,000 majority was in advance conceded. He won by a majority of 65. At the next election he swelled that majority to 2,090. In 1900 he swelled it to 3,100, and in 1902 it reached 7,318. Think how eloquently these figures speak—65 majority in 1896 increased to a majority of 7,318 in 1902, and that in a district which, as I have said, was normally Republican by not more than 3,500 majority. The majority to which Mr. TONGUE thus attained speaks in thunder tones of the work and worth of the man.

He was quite as popular with Democrats as with Republicans. I was told by a distinguished Democrat of the city of Portland—an old, gray-headed man, standing by the bier of Mr. TONGUE—that he had always supported THOMAS H. TONGUE; that party cut no figure with him when it came to voting for such a man. He said that Mr. TONGUE was the poor man's friend, the man who could always be relied upon to fight the cause of the poor at all times and in all places. These simple words coming from a venerable man, prominent as a Democrat, spoke to me more eloquently of his true worth and splendid character than a volume of commonplace.

There were many factional differences in Mr. TONGUE's district and State, but with rare good judgment he managed to keep friendly with both sides. Yet he was a man who never shirked any matter of principle, but always drove straight ahead for what was right.

He had friends in both factions, and that is proved by the immense majorities he received in his recent elections. When the Senatorial fight began, which has just closed in Oregon, Mr. TONGUE was urgently solicited by a number of his friends to become a candidate. They insisted that he had never taken

part in the factional fights of his State, that he had friends on both sides, and the strongest chance of winning. He felt, however, that his candidacy would jeopardize the interests of men who had been loyal to him in the past, and he declined positively to have anything to do with that contest.

When the agitation respecting the Spanish war first started, Mr. TONGUE bitterly opposed the thought of war, and when the *Maine* was blown up in Habana Harbor he was extremely anxious that there should be a careful investigation before any declaration of war. He was a natural conservative and abhorred hasty action. When, however, hostilities were once declared, the Government had no stronger supporter than he. He did his utmost by counsel and advice to raise regiments in his own State, and though he never posed in Congress as an orator, yet when an attack was made, or what he deemed to be an attack, upon the regiments from his State and from other portions of the country, he raised his voice in language which to me is extremely eloquent. I do not think I can say anything better of him than to read here and put on record again the language used by him on that occasion. He was discussing the Second Oregon and its experiences in the Philippine Islands, and in part he said:

The quality of the men who composed the Second Oregon was indicated by a brief order of General Wheaton at Melinto: "Orderly, overtake those Oregon greyhounds on the road to Polo and order them to Melinto. Go mounted, or you will never catch them." When, after the glorious victory at Malabon, General Wheaton was asked, "Where are your regulars?" he pointed to the Second Oregon, saying, "There are my regulars." A volume would not record the heroic deeds of those boys. At Malabon those brave young soldiers charged across the open rice fields, upon which they left many dead and wounded, in the face of a murderous fire from an entrenched foe and planted the Stars and Stripes upon the fortification of a defeated enemy. No veterans the world ever saw showed more cool, steady, and determined courage than the boys of the Second Oregon in that magnificent conflict.

Like true heroes they rose equal to their opportunities and the occasion, met every emergency, responded to every demand, discharged every duty, laughed at every danger, and left behind them a record of heroic achievements never excelled in any land or in any age. Not only the State of Oregon, not only their own country, but their race should be proud of such men. Their record proves what humanity can and will achieve, what it can and will suffer, when duty calls for great suffering or great achievement.

Then, as though anticipating his own death, he gave utterance to these beautiful words respecting those Oregon "greyhounds" who had died on the field of battle:

A word for the heroic dead. They have performed the noblest and sublimest act it is given to humanity to achieve; they have given their lives for their country. Theirs were not lives nearing their close, worn-out with dissipation, broken with toil, devoid of hope, their cup of happiness drained to the dregs, and nothing left worth living for. Theirs were lives at the beginning, unspent, everything to hope, everything to achieve, everything to live for. Before the prime of manhood had been reached their life's work had been done and well done. Their rest will be eternal, their fame secure. For those who returned, full of hope and full of honor, life holds many temptations and many dangers; the rest and happiness they crave may not be theirs. Hope may turn to disappointment; the honors they have so proudly won may be sullied; we hope and pray not. The fame and honor of no man is safe this side of the grave. But the fame of these heroic men, "dead on the field of honor," is secure. Their honor will be forever unsullied, their memory will be like sweet perfume. They have received and are wearing their crown, and no power on earth or in heaven will pluck it from their brows.

On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

Like the brave men so beautifully eulogized, he, too, gave his life for his country, and his fame, "dead on the field of honor," is secure. We all mourn his untimely end, and point to his useful, well-spent life with honest pride and satisfaction. Such men as he have made of America the greatest nation on earth, and as long as she continues to produce them her destiny is safe.

Mr. BURTON. Mr. Speaker, this Congress has furnished an unprecedented record in the number of its members who have been taken away. Their departure has brought death very near to every one of us. It is hardly a poetic exaggeration to say—

Men drop so fast ere life's midstage we tread,  
Few know so many friends alive as dead.

Yet in their loss there is a priceless heritage for us. It teaches, in the first place, how fleeting must be a legislative career at best; and in that broader aspect of its influence upon the country death smoothens asperities, it destroys animosities, it buries forever sectional distrust. It admonishes us to think less of party and of State and more of the country and of humanity.

No death was more sudden or unexpected than that of THOMAS H. TONGUE. In the evening he was conversing pleasantly with his son and with his daughter. On the morrow he was cold in death. Swiftly following constant messages of love and of hope to his father and mother, his wife and children on the far-off Pacific coast, came the telegraphic message, like a cloud in the clear sky, announcing his death.

His life was essentially that of a pioneer. He went to Oregon before its admission as a State; twelve years before a railway had been constructed within its borders; at a time when this great Commonwealth, now numbering more than 400,000 people, had less than 50,000; when Portland, now a prosperous and growing metropolis, was little more than a struggling village.



His early surroundings inured him to toil and adversity. No royal road to success was before him, but the very obstacles with which he had to contend stimulated those mighty hopes that make men great.

He was essentially a product of the country, and, just as rural surroundings furnish a clearer physical air, so they furnish a clearer moral atmosphere, and they exercised a very prominent influence upon his life work. He would be called a lawyer, but he was interested as well in farming and in public affairs. He was in touch with a great multitude of people and a great variety of interests, so that the simpler phases of life combined with those enterprises and interests which are regarded as greater and more important. He came to Washington all untried and unknown. It was necessary for him to learn the rules and to familiarize himself with the complicated methods in which business is transacted. But so far as regards honesty and patriotism he had no need of any lessons. These were implanted in him in the beginning, and he furnished an illustration of the fact that for a career in Congress that equipment which is most needed and which in the long run must tell most powerfully is conscience and regard for duty. His legislative career, though not long, nevertheless has its monuments. He was chairman of the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands at the time when that very important innovation was adopted, by which the Central Government undertakes the reclamation of vast tracts of desert lands. His name will be inseparably linked with this measure, under which millions of acres will be added to the national domain of arable lands, which it is hoped will furnish additional opportunity and additional prosperity to our common country.

As a member of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors his first solicitude was for his State and for the Pacific coast; but, like all others, he came to realize the importance of those broader responsibilities and duties which cause a man to lay hold upon all the interests of this great country. He recognized the importance of improved methods of internal communication, recognized how much the growth of the country depends upon the development of our ports and inland waterways, and, while conservative and careful, he favored that liberal policy which made him a strong supporter of improvements of this nature.

As regards the personal consideration and esteem in which he was held, the opinion of his colleagues can be best expressed by some resolutions adopted on the day following his death, which were in these words:

We, the members of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, assembled at the Capitol, this 12th day of January, 1903, desire in the most earnest way to express our sense of loss at the death of our esteemed associate, Hon. THOMAS H. TONGUE, of Oregon, who died at his residence in Washington, January 11, 1903.

We each and all further desire to bear testimony to his splendid ability, great earnestness, and indefatigable industry. As a member of this committee he was untiring in his efforts and exhibited profound comprehension of the commercial necessities of our country. We recognize him as one who earnestly labored for his constituency and, in a most patriotic way, for his country. His genial companionship endeared him to all of us, and in his sudden death we feel a great personal loss. The State of Oregon and the country at large have lost a valuable, honest, and capable representative.

Resolved, That this expression of our esteem for him and of our sense of personal loss be spread upon the records of this committee and a copy thereof be presented to his family.

We can say of him that he was our friend, faithful and just to us; but if our personal loss is great, how much greater must be the loss and how much keener the sorrow of the father and mother, each more than fourscore, whose hope he was; of the beloved wife, who heard the sudden news of his death; of the sons and daughters, to whom he gave his constant solicitude and affection? Our words can not be adequate to express our sympathy for them or to describe the magnitude of their bereavement.

With this poor tribute, we must bid him farewell. We leave his mortal remains in the cemetery of the little village where he always loved to dwell. There let the low winds over mountain and valley die down to a requiem in his memory. In his life work, although he was cut off before his career had reached its full fruition of accomplishment, there is nevertheless an inspiration and an example which will be like a flower of perennial bloom to all those who knew him, because of his faithful, conscientious, brave service for his State and for his country.

Mr. COOMBS. Mr. Speaker, eulogy should never become fulsome, yet it is right to speak of those essentials which select men to play more than ordinary characters in the drama of life and to become a part of the public events of their time and country. If a man in public life leaves a memory which may be cherished by a community, he has done much to preserve the principles which make republics immortal. His achievements are necessarily contracted to the circumstances of his life, and while exceptional men may extend to a wider fame, yet it is doubtful if even they could not have accomplished more of good by confining their talents to their communities.

The life and character of the late THOMAS H. TONGUE were

typical of the great Western surroundings which nursed and energized his ambitions. He represented, in part, a State through which courses mighty rivers flowing on to a limitless sea. Its valleys are rich and beautiful, while its mountains are wrapped in the shrouds of the storm. These are the scenes which inspired the farmer boy and gave to his mind the ambition to make his own land fulfill the lordly conditions for which nature had created it. This to him was the art, the duty, of the legislator. One man could but do his part. Diversified interests, dissimilar toils, make the Republic's glory. The country may well suffer the omissions growing out of too much loyalty to local interests.

But while Mr. TONGUE was an ardent advocate of the particular interests of his State, upon the varied questions engaging public thought he showed an enlightenment brought from the mine of research and study. He was studious, careful, and painstaking. Yet his knowledge was not all confined to the principles he gathered from books; that greater teacher, Nature, had unloosed her golden clasps and from her infinite variety had inspired the love which

Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The towering mountains about him echoed the truths of Sinai, and inspired the early faith in which he lived and died a Christian. He sought not the loud way to fame. Diffidence was so much a part of his character that he shrank from the crowd. History had undoubtedly taught him how, in some olden time, men fought their way to savage renown; how song was once inspired by the fame of barbaric deeds, and legend sought only to preserve their memorials. Yet he looked upon a fame more enduring; not so much upon that which might blazon a name, but upon that by which good deeds are consecrated to immortality. He was satisfied with the applause which should come from the little good contributed to the growth of a State.

Fidelity to particular interests promotes these purposes. In these essentials he fought bravely, he accomplished well. Unassuming, he sought to add to the greater glory of the Republic by enhancing the pride, the reverence, the gratitude of one of its parts. He augmented that great Western development which will lead to the time when the burden of empire will change, fulfilling the poetic prophecy that "Westward the star of empire takes its way." The little achievements, minute as they are in design, contribute to the ultimate purposes of national life, and the motives which impel them are as sublime as if they had inspired the thoughts that shake the universe.

Mr. TONGUE might truthfully be called a pioneer in the upbuilding of the West. In 1859, at the age of 15 years, he settled in the county of Washington, Oreg., the place which was to witness his trials and struggles and which he was to behold, emerging from frontier and border life into busy cities with quickening impulses, the changes which now inspire men with unbounded hope in the future destiny. His life and energy partook of the spirit of these surroundings. The imposing character of the silent woods and the rushing streams led to a thousand prophecies indulged by youth and ambition, wrapping in dreams the shapes of the future. Yet life there was not all a dreamland. To have received an education in the West at that time required arduous devotion to study which took time from the realities surrounding life and stole blissful moments from alluring scenes, too apt to break into the method required for mental discipline. However, life in the pathless woods did much to shape his better thoughts.

Early impressions—the impressions of the boy—remain forever, and in his older and sublimer musings man will turn to the first teachings of solitude. People flocked to the far West in early times; it was a marvelous land where men could throw off restraint and where the human heart itself was the only guide in the wild pulsations of border life. Out of this grew a new order which history had not foretold, a society which, without the restraint of law, bound license within the narrow confines of right and conscience and made one of the remarkable epochs of civilization—a life whose characters are immortalized by the verse of Bret Harte, in whose finer touches the truth may be found how within the rugged exterior the heart will move on, creating for itself the law of self-restraint.

Mr. TONGUE was chairman of the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands in the Fifty-seventh Congress. This committee reported a bill providing for a utilization of waste waters upon arid and semiarid lands by the expenditure of revenues from the sale of the public domain. This measure is calculated to evolve from nature economic forces sufficient to supply unborn millions with toil and sustenance. With the other members of this committee, Mr. TONGUE worked patiently upon this measure until it was perfected, though surrounded at times by a hostility that thought it saw special favors in a public measure of great magnitude.

While the West has a history of romance, history has not yet written her greatest achievements. It has been by the persistent



early workers that it has been known. If a Representative becomes more insistent in the West than seems consistent with ordinary duty, it is for the reason that it must needs be so. Individual efforts must achieve what in other places it is immemorial custom to do. It is hard to give up the old for the new, and men around whom cluster the traditions of centuries look with alarm upon the things which take shape from the new fancies flitting from woods but half explored. These throw an embarrassment around a Western member. Yet, withal, Mr. TONGUE was a successful legislator, and began improvements in his district with which his name will be associated.

Physically he was not strong, yet in him hope rose triumphant above life's frailties, and with hope sprang glorious cities and mighty commerce to crown the West in his own day and time. All of the creations of the young mind were long ago fulfilled and the magic visions which peopled the sunlit valleys became real. He loved the West, and read in her sunset prophecies the destinies of peoples yet to be. He was part of the events of a great time, and was a member of a Congress which took upon itself the solemn obligations of a war, and with war the untold obligations to a more extended humanity.

The doubts with which it was brought have passed away, the hopes have found fruition. In all of these great affairs he had the courage which conquers and the faith which made that conquest righteous. His life is rounded with a sleep and he rests amid the glorious monuments of his far Western home. He hears no more the faint echoes of the world's applause; the mighty debate, the big wars, his country's fame can not arouse him. His integrity to Heaven is all he dares now call his own. Secure in that, he can well leave the lordly projects of life to disturb and fret other men, who in their time may point to their achievements and may be trace a beginning to those early conditions which his life and character helped to form.

Mr. REEVES. Mr. Speaker, it was my fortune to be associated with THOMAS H. TONGUE as a member of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors of the House of Representatives, and thereby was afforded the opportunity to become well acquainted with him. Anyone brought thus in contact with him would not fail to recognize in him great force and worth. He had the courage of his convictions at all times. He was profoundly imbued with the potentialities of the State which commissioned him to represent it in part in this Chamber. He recognized Oregon as a splendid State in this Union of States, and his mental grasp encompassed her future greatness when her population would be multiplied and her internal improvements had developed her into a great commercial center.

Charged in part with the guidance of any and all Congressional action which specially pertained to Oregon, he always advised such legislation as would meet the demands of her future necessities. In this work his efforts were unceasing. The member of Congress who faithfully represents at once the interests of his district and of his State, who complies with all of the demands made upon him by his people, and who tempers these interests and these demands with the greater ones of his common country, has a labor before him which will challenge his ability, his strength, and his endurance.

Mr. TONGUE labored unceasingly to meet these requirements, and he came as nearly reaching their full measure of accomplishment as any of us. Thus persevering, thus faithful to the trust that had been reposed in him, thus ever energetic in the duties before him, thus striving for that which is best for his State and for the nation, he met every responsibility with care, confidence, and ability. He beat back the evidences of ill health and failing strength until, when the summons came, it was with that suddenness that brought a shock to all who knew him. But after all was not that the merciful way? Permitted to enjoy to the last the full measure of his mental strength; useful to the last to his family, his State, and his nation; happy in the consciousness that he was contributing to the well-being of the present and future generations; loved by a large circle of close friends, and admired by a great constituency; living in the path of rectitude, may he not have said, "I have fought a good fight, and it is finished."

Death is seldom, if ever, a welcome messenger. It draws the veil that shuts out the vision of the future. The journey of life is from birth to death. To some the journey is full of trouble, to others it is peaceful; to some it is full of bitterness, and to others it is replete with happiness. But to all alike, whether we pass this way in peace and joy or in sadness and suffering, there is a sense of uncertainty as to the future; but somehow, some way, the Divine plan is such that each of us is inspired with a hope of immortality, that death is not the end of all, but that there is a future better than the present. By faith we believe in a future state of happiness; and faith is not an idle whim. Faith is the strongest force that controls our actions here. We all do more things based upon faith than upon any other force.

This great force which we call faith inspires within us a confidence that this intellectual being which we call the soul shall live on after the dissolution of the body. I believe that it is easier for the logical and analytical mind to believe in a future state than to disbelieve in it, and thus believing, if we shall emulate the virtues of our departed friend, may we not say with Bryant—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. DOVENER. Mr. Speaker, again we have met in this Hall in sorrowful remembrance of our friends and colleagues who have been parted from us by the stern mandate of death. The large number of such bereavements experienced by this House can not but furnish us all a solemn and impressive reminder of the brevity of life and the uncertainty of its tenure; and the vacant chairs which we see about us on every hand seem to warn us, "Be ye also ready."

As one who had grown to know and thoroughly appreciate the value of his friendship and society, I desire on this occasion to bear witness to the worth of our departed fellow-member, THOMAS H. TONGUE, and to express my deep regret for his untimely death. Mr. TONGUE was still in the prime of life, and apparently had only just begun a long career of public usefulness. This was his third term in Congress, and his experience gained in the Fifty-fifth had enabled him to become in the Fifty-sixth and the present Congress a legislator of force and influence, a man of distinction and power. His death was a loss to family and friends, a loss to the interests of national legislation, a loss to the General Government and the nation, a loss to the State of Oregon, that he so faithfully and ably served.

Mr. TONGUE was comparatively young in the public service. Two whole decades of his life were devoted to the assiduous study and practice of the law, in which profession he gained and merited a high reputation, and it was not until he was about 45 years of age that his fellow-citizens singled him out for political honors and prevailed upon him to enter public life. He was then sent to the Oregon State senate, where, though a new member, he was soon advanced to the chairmanship of the judiciary committee. His sound judgment and executive ability were further recognized by the leaders of his party in the State of Oregon by electing him to the chairmanship of various Republican State conventions, committees, and other organizations, and finally his district chose him to represent its interests here.

How well he justified the confidence of his constituency, how well he executed the commissions intrusted to his care, it is needless for me to describe in detail. What was thought about his Congressional record at home is best illustrated by the fact that he was twice reelected by increased majorities. We who have been his associates know that Mr. TONGUE was one of the most faithful, one of the most efficient, untiring, and devoted representatives of the people among our number. He was constantly engaged in the prosecution of some matter of importance to his constituents or to the public in general. On many matters of the first importance arising in this Chamber for decision his voice and opinion had weight and influence.

In committee work, as I can testify, having served with him for three years on one of the hardest-worked committees of the House, Mr. TONGUE was faithful, efficient, and untiring. All the members of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, I feel sure, share my admiration for Mr. TONGUE's ability and willingness as a worker and for his genial and kindly qualities as an associate. In his personal relations courteous and affable, he was kind and helpful to all.

We can not hope to retain the presence of those we love, we can not hope to retain the services of the most useful members of society, indefinitely. "Threescore years and ten" is the allotted span of life. But it must excite unusual sorrow and regret when a valuable and honorable life, like that of Mr. TONGUE's, is cut short by premature death. It is not mete or proper that we should complain or criticize, but we can not but lament such dispensations of Providence. We trust that all is now well with our departed friend and colleague, that as he has often merited and received the approbation of his associates here, so now may he have heard that last and most important welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Mr. SPARKMAN. Mr. Speaker, human life has been likened to a bridge spanning a wide and dangerous stream. The multitudes enter and crowd each other upon the nearer approach of the way, but soon the ranks begin to thin. Through openings here and there the reckless and the careful alike fall in their



onward tread; some near the entrance, others far out from shore, until all have sunk into the rushing, whirling waters below. Still others have compared human life to a mighty river, ever gliding onward, bearing upon its bosom the frail human barks that have been launched from its shores to a vast unknown sea, but upon whose waters somewhere humanity is to find the ultimate home of the soul. A poet has beautifully said:

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave!  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

How true the comparison is attested by the scenes and incidents of everyday life. The pallid cheek of death, the funeral cortège, the habiliments of mourning, the tolling of the bell, the newly made grave—all speak of dissolution and proclaim the disappearance of another and another beneath the waters that sweep on into the great sea of eternity. No age or condition in life is exempt from the inexorable decree that dooms man to death and his body to the grave. The strong, the weak, the old, and the young are ever being garnered by that "reaper whose name is Death."

Mr. Speaker, how often have we been reminded of this during the few years even that I have been a member of this body! How often have we seen the desk of some friend and colleague draped in mourning! How frequently have we gathered on this floor during the past eight years to pay sad but loving tribute to the memory of some friend whose life had ended midst his labors here! How often have we seen the procession leave this Capitol and wending its way to a distant State, maybe in the North, perhaps beyond the plains to the sunset side of our land, or maybe in the far South, where, amidst family and friends, some one of our members who had fallen by the wayside has been gently laid to rest.

How different, too, has the summons come in individual cases. To some the hour of departure has been struck after days of disease and suffering, to others the messenger has come when the allotted span of earthly existence had been traversed and a life work had been accomplished, while upon others the blow has fallen suddenly and without warning, when the body was apparently free from disease and mental and physical vigor seemingly gave promise of years of life and usefulness.

These last were the circumstances under which he to whose memory we pay tribute to-day was called hence. On Sunday, January 11 last, THOMAS H. TONGUE, of Oregon, died suddenly at his residence in this city. Up to the very moment which proved fatal there were no outward signs of the fatal blow. Almost in an instant he had passed from this life to another. He was apparently in the very best of health only a day or two before, when I met him for the last time on this floor, attending to his official duties, in the performance of which he seemed ever to be so earnest and capable. Little did I then dream that within the short space of a few hours he would have crossed the mystic river that divides this from the unknown land which lies on the farther shore.

It was my good fortune to have known Mr. TONGUE from a date early in the Fifty-fifth Congress to the time of his death, and I can truthfully say that it has never been my fortune to meet one more earnest in the discharge of his duty, both to his immediate constituency and the country at large. He had many admirable traits, but that which to my mind distinguished him most as a legislator, and which no doubt contributed most to his success in other departments of life, making him, as he was, a man amongst men, was his intense earnestness and devotion to duty.

Whatever was worth doing was to him worth well doing, and if he had possessed nothing more to distinguish him here or elsewhere, if his fame and usefulness had no other foundation upon which to rest, the possession of this virtue alone would have sufficed to give him a high standing among his fellow-men. And after all, what one trait can more ennoble its possessor than devotion to duty, no matter what or where the field of human endeavor? It may lie in the humbler walks of life, in mercantile pursuits, or in the so-called learned professions, or yet in the legislative halls of the State or nation, where laws are made and policies outlined for the weal and happiness of the people; but whatever the vocation or pursuit, if the summit of hope is to be reached it must be through devotion to duty—in the doing well what one's hands find to do. This was the leading trait in the life and character of THOMAS H. TONGUE as I saw and understood him here.

But it was in the committee room, perhaps, where his best work was done as a national legislator. It was my good fortune to be with him on the Rivers and Harbors Committee, a committee whose labors touch more intimately and affect more directly the commercial growth and development of this country than all others. There projects are devised and appropriations recommended for the improvement of those rivers and harbors over

which and through which our vast and growing commerce is carried by water, whether interstate or inward or outward bound. In dealing, as members of that committee have to deal, with the necessities of all sections of the country Mr. TONGUE showed a breadth of view and a profound comprehension of the commercial needs of the country that qualified him in every way for this great work. True, he never lost sight of his own State and people, but he labored likewise for the entire country, forgetting and ignoring State and district lines in his service in the committee room and on the floor of the House.

He and I differed in our political views, he belonging to one and I to the other of the two great parties of the country; but if I had waited to find out from social intercourse with him or from work in committee that this difference existed I should have ever remained in ignorance, perhaps, of his political opinions and sentiments, for he was not what is usually called a bitter partisan.

But he has gone from among us, Mr. Speaker, and others from time to time as the years go by will take the place occupied by him here, but the great State of Oregon will not find another more devoted to her interests or the country at large, one more earnest in his labors for her upbuilding than was he upon whose grave we lay these tributes of love and esteem to-day.

That was a fitting eulogy presented by the committee of which he had been so conspicuous a member on the morning following his untimely death. The members of that committee unanimously passed a resolution which, after expressing in the most earnest manner their sense of loss at the death of Mr. TONGUE, bore testimony to his great ability in this language:

As a member of this committee he was untiring in his efforts, and exhibited profound comprehension of the commercial necessities of our country. We recognize him as one who earnestly labored for his constituency and in a most patriotic way for his country. His genial companionship endeared him to all of us, and in his sudden death we feel a great personal loss. The State of Oregon and the country at large have lost a valuable, honest, and capable Representative.

I have said, Mr. Speaker, that he is gone, but this is only true in a physical sense, for in the example his life has set and in the achievement he has made he is with us yet. The orb which cast its radiance about us has indeed gone down, but its luster still lingers to light the pathway of duty and endeavor.

The deeds men do live after them, and although our friend did not reach the end of life's allotted span and was cut down only a little beyond the point where the shadows turn toward the east, yet in achievement he had lived long and well.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Measured by this, the only true standard, his life was complete and well-rounded, his career crowned with success.

Mr. CUSHMAN. Mr. Speaker, the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress will be long remembered by us as one of unusual fatality to its members.

The flag upon our Capitol floats only at half-mast when the Grim Reaper has laid his hand upon our fold. In the early days of my life as a member of this body it was a rare sight to see the flag at half-mast. But this winter as I have walked to and from my daily work I have seen the flag, like a mute emblem of the nation's mourning, outlined against the sky as if some unseen and almighty hand had nailed it to the half-mast.

It will cause us all to pause and think, we who are burning the oil out of life's lamp at such a tremendous rate, of the harvest we are reaping.

Mr. Speaker, on this sad occasion, when his colleagues are paying worthy tribute to the memory of our deceased brother, it was not my original intention to speak.

There is, however, a peculiar propriety in my adding a few words to-day to the volume of testimony that attests the esteem in which he was held by his associates in this body.

He and I both came to this Chamber from the mighty Northwest, from that region that was originally the Territory of Oregon.

Of that region and its vast resources and its possibilities no one had a clearer conception than the deceased. His beloved State of Oregon was the center of his universe. Not that I mean to say that he had not a broad and clear vision, for we all know to the contrary. But his credentials to this body charged him especially with the interest of that region and the welfare of that people. To him it was alike a sacred trust and a duty of love; and to its accomplishment he devoted himself with singleness of purpose and with unflagging energy.

The members of this body who represent Eastern constituencies, who reside in old and settled communities whose legislative wants are few, have little or no conception of the labors of the man who represents a comparatively new region, filled with mighty and diverse interests, with many vexed and unsettled problems, and with a restless, energetic, patriotic people. Their wants are as numberless as the sands of the seashore.

Such a region and such a constituency my friend represented in his lifetime, and we can all of us bear testimony to the willing way in which he bent his tired shoulders to that load. The coat of arms of his beloved State he seemed to have emblazoned on his heart. Whatever was for her best interests, whatever was for the greater welfare of his Commonwealth or the glory of her citizens, that he felt his self-appointed task to do.

I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion it was in a large measure his arduous labors that shortened his life.

Perhaps it is better thus. In this modern and enlightened age the lives of men, in the greater sense, are not spanned by years, but are measured by events. The sum total of a human life is properly measured by the good deeds accomplished and not by mere longevity.

Measured by this standard our friend will be long remembered by his associates on this floor.

But I dare say, sir, that the most enduring memory of him will not be with us, but will linger in the hearts of his people at home. In the bustle and whirl of our busy lives the figures come and go in our theater of action like the players on the stage. But away out yonder by his home, among the people he honored and who honored him, he will be remembered through the countless years to come by the legions of those whose burdens he helped to bear.

#### EULOGIES ON THE LATE HON. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE.

Mr. LACEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions: The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House now proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, late a Representative in the House from the State of Iowa.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate this resolution to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be, and is hereby, instructed to send a copy of this resolution to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. LACEY. Mr. Speaker, Capt. JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, whose life and services we commemorate to-day, was one of the men who has shed luster on the State of his birth and the State of his adoption. Born in Ohio, he moved West in 1853, and his manhood has been identified with the history of Iowa.

I have known him for thirty years, having first met him when he was a member of the Iowa senate. Captain RUMPLE was born near Fostoria, Ohio, March 4, 1841, on a farm. He died at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Ill., January 31, 1903. His father died in 1844.

In 1853 the family emigrated to Iowa, settling in Iowa County upon a farm. Mr. RUMPLE was educated in the district school, in Ashland Academy, in Wapello County, Iowa; also in Western College, Linn County. He also took a course in the normal department of the State University. In acquiring his education he alternated between teaching school and attending the academy and college. On August 14, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company H, Second Iowa Cavalry. He was promoted corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain. He was discharged September 19, 1865, at Selma, Ala. He served with his gallant regiment in all of its campaigns, excepting from March 5, 1865, to August 31, 1865, when he was aid-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. Edward Hatch.

In December, 1865, he began the study of law in the office of Hon. H. M. Martin, of Marengo, Iowa, with whom he afterwards became a partner. He was elected senator from his district in the adjourned session of the fourteenth general assembly to fill a vacancy. He was also a senator in the fifteenth and sixteenth general assemblies. He served on the board of regents of the Iowa State University, also as mayor and city solicitor to his town, Marengo, and as curator of the State Historical Society. In 1900 he was elected as a member of Congress from the Second district of Iowa, receiving 23,202 votes against 21,737 for his opponent, Hon. Henry Vollmer. Captain RUMPLE was for many years a member of the Masonic fraternity and the Grand Army of the Republic and a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was married December 6, 1866, to Miss Adaline K. Whiting. His wife dying, he contracted a second marriage with Miss Mary H. Shepard. Such is the brief outline of his life and public service. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, and though always active in public affairs, continued to practice with ability and success in his chosen profession. He has been long a prominent figure in the affairs of Iowa, and his friends at any time within the past thirty years have spoken of him as one who would some day be called to a seat in the Congress of the United States.

Many local circumstances delayed the fulfillment of this prophecy, until finally, in his sixtieth year, he was elected as a Republican in a district that had, from its organization, been normally and usually Democratic.

But when thus honored by his friends, and in the fulfillment of a worthy ambition he had taken his place in this honorable body, the insidious hand of a fatal disease was laid upon him.

His ship was wrecked in port, and he had only attained the reward of his well-deserved promotion when the summons came to prepare for that change which must come to all the living.

In the closing hours of this Congress we have been called many times to the realization that all men are mortal. Sixteen of our colleagues have solved the great problem that confronts us all.

It is therefore well that we should pause for an hour to think upon the life and example of this good and worthy man.

He left a good name, which is worth more than riches. A man's public career is only the surface of his life. The depths beneath are sounded only by his nearest friends.

One of his townsmen, in a recent letter to me, expressed his feelings in a few but earnest words:

All his neighbors believed in him, all trusted him, and our faith and confidence in him were never betrayed. And, best of all, we loved him.

The domestic life of our friend was a beautiful example to all who knew him well, and no man was ever more sincerely mourned by his neighbors. It is hard to part with these old friends.

We lose a life in every friend we lose,  
And every death is painful but the last.

Mr. RUMPLE was loyal to his country and to his friends, and there was a charm in his personality that held to him for life those who once became acquainted with him.

The old soldiers of the nation had reason to be pleased when they learned that Speaker HENDERSON had assigned Captain RUMPLE to the arduous task of serving upon the Invalid Pension Committee of the House, for no comrade in arms or soldier's widow ever failed to secure his patient and friendly consideration.

Though apparently in the full vigor of a ripe manhood, and giving promise of many years of usefulness to his country, he had only thoroughly settled down to the hard work of his Congressional duty when the summons came to put his house in order for that change which must come to all living men.

We may with bated breath whisper to each other, "Who will be next?" And we know that we will not wait long for the answer.

Mr. Speaker, I also desire to print with my remarks an editorial by Mr. A. Raney, in the Republican, of Marengo, Iowa, whose estimate of Captain RUMPLE as a neighbor, a citizen, and a statesman is well worthy of a place in this day's proceedings.

#### HON. J. N. W. RUMPLE.

When Captain RUMPLE appeared on the streets of his home town for the last time in life, it was to exercise his privilege as an American citizen, and in the exercise of that franchise he performed the duty quietly but resolutely and as he fully believed to be right. Without ostentation, but as a citizen, he passed along the streets to the voting place, with a nod to one, a smile for another, a hand grasp and a refulgent friendliness for all that could be felt in its warmth, and then he returned to renew the dreary days of torture—a suffering that was not only severe and pain racking physically, but ached and throbbed in every nerve and tissue and almost drove to mental distraction. That its heritage was known to him there could be no doubt, a loving and idolized mother having succumbed to the same dread affliction. Yet throughout it all he never acknowledged, never weakened in his faith, never surrendered, but went down as he had fought, with a brave courage and heroic determination to win, but a terrible disease had fastened itself upon him and the fight between life and death continued unrelentless. The fading embers would from time to time be fanned into life's fitful flame, only to disclose at each recurring event, at least to his friends, the increasing weakness of his body. Ever patient and enduring, he suffered, he endured, but never complained. Trusting and hoping, although fully prepared for possible results and with every contingency arranged for, he lived on and on. In all the vicissitudes and battles of life even to the last he was brave as a hero but tender as a girl. His sense of right was great and beautiful; he loved justice, truth, and honor. His sympathies were easily and deeply touched by others' sorrows, and he was unselfish to a fault. From the depth of his heart he hated oppression, and his love went out like sweet showers to all his fellow-men.

At home and in Iowa County he lived in the hearts of his people as one whose steadfast firmness was proof against all changes and disaster. His career was not an accident, it was not the result of circumstances or chance. It had its origin in a strong, noble nature; its source was easily found in a great heart and head constantly working in harmony with pure methods for high purposes. His intellect was comprehensive, original, and contemplative. The every thought that came from it was broad, liberal, and exalted and of uniform character. Nothing eccentric, meteoric, or explosive emanated from that harmonious laboratory. Nothing was too grand or too vast for the grasp of his intelligence, nothing too minute or too trifling for his attention. His thought ever clear and discerning, his reason was bright and strong as steel. No clouds or mists, vapors or shadows, hovered over the straight lines of his march to conclusions. His arguments were constructed, doubtless, from lessons learned in military life. They were organizations strong, compact, without unnecessary ornament, always aggressive and dashing, and directly to the weak point for assault. He defended his flanks and rear by the vigor, boldness, and persistence of his charges. No saber was ever wielded more deftly on the field of battle than by him in the clean cut of the same weapon in argument. In debate he was happy, always able, well tempered, and candid, but perfectly fearless and just. He never inflicted a cowardly, cruel, or insidious wound, and left no ranking arrows in the memory of his opponents.

Possessed of a strong and graceful figure, an open, engaging countenance, an ambitious heart, he had that passion for enterprise and adventure which has ever been the quickening pulse of the pioneer. From plow to saber, from saber to school, from school to law book, then came the one additional step of hanging out his shingle as a poor and briefless barrister in Iowa County, where he had been raised, and almost in sight of the old Ohio Church, in Sumner Township, where his first Sunday-school lessons were well taught. Truly he was a man of the people, sprung from them, uplifted by them, and



in all things true to them. In difficult situations he was no rash actor. Natural impetuosity was curbed by will and saving common sense. Thus he became a safe, wise adviser. Many there are who equaled or surpassed him in some one of many things, but few could do so many things so well, and rarer still are they who accomplished so much under such conditions as he dealt with. Young as measured by his years, yet old in experience and public service, he was stricken down in the prime of his manhood and usefulness as the sturdy oak is felled by the power of the mighty tempest.

At the time of success he was called away from a life full of promise to himself, and overflowing with fond hopes and realization for those who were nearest and dearest to him, and loved him with purest devotion. The loyal constituency of the Second district, to whose best interests he was wedded and tried so hard, although so terribly beset, to serve, are proud of his record as a statesman, but his friends dwell largest and with most pleasure upon the recollections had of him in his private life as an associate and companion. In closer sympathy and touch with the home citizens, understanding them better, and being by them fully understood and trusted, loved and respected, the loss is on every side felt to be a personal one, without regard to political affiliation and through all walks of life. Through the town and over the county the sad tidings of his death have gone, and all our people are in mourning. The heart swells in every bosom, and unbidden tears came to the eye as the citizen remembers the last warm grasp of the hand now forever stilled.

A truer or more earnest and sincere man never lived. He was a politician, yet a statesman of the highest order. Kind hearted and generous almost to a fault, yet always open to conviction, he was the same man at all times, amidst all surroundings and under all circumstances. Whether as an orphan boy and a laborer in the vineyard of daily toil to support his widowed mother and family, as a youthful soldier half starved and poorly clad, fighting for the right, as a young lawyer striving for success, as a representative of the people in the Iowa senate and in Congress, hewing out a way and blazing a road to prominence, and dealing blows in behalf of lighter burdens for the people, he has always been found true, honest, sincere, manly, and courageous. He was ever a companion, but always a man. His legal equipment was complete—learned in the intricacies of the law and parliamentary procedure, he maintained even in his brief career the high standing and well-deserved distinction he so ably won in his first Congressional term.

He will be mourned by all, but most by those who wore the bronze buttons and addressed him as comrade, for there his work was never done, the door never closed, the pocket never empty, as he once said in eulogizing a comrade: "Of all the emotions awakened by death none is more touching than those called up by the death of a comrade. They bring the battlefield again before you. The same sulphurous canopy is before you. The hum of the bullet, the whiz of the round shot, the shriek of the shell, the clash of sabers, and the shouts of the combatants again fill your ears. The tiresome march, the weary wading of streams, the ruddy camp fire, the bubbling coffee, and the rude fare appear. You hear again old Army songs and stories, and are lulled to sleep by the piping of frogs, the music of crickets and katydids, or by the soft patter of the rain upon your shelter tent. Again you are upon picket, musket in hand, watchful and wary, on the muddy shore of the Rappahannock or beneath the sighing pines of the Wilderness. When a comrade dies, life itself seems to turn backward. You live once more in the stormy scenes of thirty years ago."

His nature was susceptible of great enjoyment; he loved outdoor recreation and was extremely fond of fishing, one of his greatest pleasures being a summer trip to the northern Iowa lakes, where in all its beauty, and free from office cares, he could enjoy with his friends the green fields, wild flowers, the beautiful harvest fields, and endless hours of fishing, the enjoyable features of a good catch being an event of many days' pleasant memories with him.

His mortal career has ended and his life work is done; the page is written and his friends sorrow, but with it comes the reflection that his was a work well performed. It might have been longer, but not greater. In a measure his ambition was accomplished, and, with the drapery of his couch about him, he laid down to rest. To the bereaved family it can be said that his love and fidelity to his fellow-man, exemplified in his public acts, will stand as a legacy greater than riches and more valuable than length of days.

**Mr. LACEY.** Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent, in this connection, for general leave to print, as there are those members of this House who have been unable to be present who desire to be accorded this privilege.

The **SPEAKER** pro tempore. The gentleman from Iowa asks unanimous consent for general leave to print. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

**Mr. CONNER.** Mr. Speaker, if human effort could arrest the messenger of death, our friends would never die. We exhaust every means within our power to stay the hand of the destroyer, but all in vain. We confess our helplessness to save by coming at a time like this to express our sorrow at the loss of a colleague and friend and to pay a fitting tribute to his memory. We may strew flowers upon his grave and utter words of praise and commendation of his noble life and deeds, but can not call him back to earth again.

When a good man dies not only his family and friends suffer loss, but his country as well. The wealth of a nation does not consist alone in its property and natural resources, but also in the character and nobility of its citizens. Its strength and stability do not depend so much upon its armies and navies as upon the honor, virtue, and intelligence of its citizens. In the death of **Mr. RUMPLE** his family and friends suffer an irreparable loss. His death means more to them than a vacant chair—more than the absence of a familiar face and form. It means that husband and father, a tower of strength for loved ones to lean upon, is removed. His prostrate form will never rise again. The kindly eye that drew men unto him has been closed for all time. The lips that whispered love and encouragement are sealed forever. The ear that never failed to hear the cry of distress is deaf forevermore. The voice, rich and musical in tone, will never be heard again on earth. The heart whose every pulsation was for those he loved will never throb again. Time and reflection will but emphasize the loss which his loved ones have sustained. But

in a broader sense he will be missed. The community in which he lived, and also his State and nation, will miss him. He was a factor in the affairs of his city, county, State, and nation.

He was essentially a self-made man. He was born and reared upon the farm. When a mere child his father departed this life. The death of his father forced upon him responsibilities which otherwise would not have come. He moved with his mother from Ohio to his adopted State—the State of Iowa—when still a child, though older than the State to which he moved. In the sparsely settled section of the State where he located there were few chances for education and improvement. He took advantage of opportunities afforded him and attended first the district school and then the college. It was during this latter experience in the early sixties that he heard the call to arms to save the Union from dissolution. He enlisted before he had attained his majority, and during the four years and more that he was in the service he made for himself a brilliant record. He rose from the ranks to the position of captain. It is said that he was engaged in more than 30 battles during the rebellion. He earned for himself an enviable reputation for brave and courageous conduct.

He came home from the war when it was over not spoiled by his laurels and immediately set about to complete his education and to take up his work where he had left it when he enlisted. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, entered upon the practice of his profession, and became an honored member of it. His ability was soon recognized, and he was called to serve his State. He was repeatedly elected to the office of State senator, and was a safe and conservative legislator. He filled other positions of trust and responsibility.

During all these years he was preparing himself for higher responsibilities, and the time came when the people of his Congressional district said he was the right man to send to Congress. Public opinion centered upon him, and he was nominated and triumphantly elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress. I have no doubt that if his health had permitted he would have remained in Congress for an indefinite time, because his services and abilities were such that his constituents would have been proud to have kept him here. But the disease that had fastened itself upon him made such progress that he was compelled to say to the people of his district that he could not accept the nomination to the Fifty-eighth Congress.

It is not within our power to utter words that can bring comfort to a stricken wife at a time like this. We can but point to the splendid career of her husband, to his record as a citizen, soldier, and statesman.

We can say to her that while he has passed from sight, he still lives in memory, and that the influence of his life will continue a vital force in making the world better and adding something to its happiness.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
To shine for evermore.

**Mr. COUSINS.** Mr. Speaker, it seems as though death delights in violating and in breaking the conventional terms and periods established by governments and men. If **JOHN N. W. RUMPLE** had lived until one week from Thursday next, he would have been exactly 62 years of age. But the most dreadful of all diseases would not grant a truce even for a single month.

Birth, which sometimes seems agreeable to the institutions and establishments of mankind, had brought into our needy world this noble soul exactly 60 years before his Congressional term began, March 4, 1901. If I mistake not, his was the sixteenth removal by death from the Fifty-seventh Congress, the greatest mortality rate in the last decade of Congresses, and, for aught I know, in the history of Congresses—about 3½ per cent.

But fractions in mortality amount to little, except to actuaries, since all must die eventually. We are concerned not so much about the days and years, but about the character and loss of this useful man.

Like hundreds of our citizens of Iowa, he came from the Buckeye State—a transplanting which was always sympathetic. Like the majority of our young men, he sought a thorough education at our institutions, and like thousands of others, when the awful storm arose, "wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold," he went forth in battle for the nation and stayed until the scattered stars of States were brought again into the constellation of the Union. He earned the rank of captain in the famous Second Cavalry of Iowa in such battles as Island No. 10, siege of Corinth and Rienzi, charges at Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Franklin, Columbia, and Nashville, and many others.

Like most good soldiers, he became a model citizen. The jar of war usually awakens reason and mollifies the prejudice of men. Whoever has experienced great danger, either to his country or to himself, naturally becomes a counselor for safety and a conservator of peace. He is likewise firm in the face of fraud and



bluster, for he knows the limitations of those who have not felt hardship and who have not faced death.

Like hundreds and thousands of others who came out of the awful storm of the early sixties, Captain RUMPLE became a useful and influential factor in his community and State. His tendencies were with mankind in the long run. He builded for the future without swerving to sensation or sacrificing his convictions. He became prominent at the bar and in the legislation of our State, likewise as a regent of our university and in the State Historical Society, meanwhile giving his good counsel in matters of municipal and educational affairs at home. He served with honor and fidelity in the Fifty-seventh Congress nearly to its end, which we are now approaching.

Just in the prime of life, when maturity, sharpened and well tempered by experience, with all the joys and sorrows of a vigorous career, with conflict and with hardship, with love and labor and success, that sable figure of the night which flits but once across the path of man, and always once, far out along his straight and noble path, unmasked and unrelenting, stood plainly there before him. As steady and unfalteringly as ever warrior went to meet a foe, as humbly and resignedly as a good man ever met his God, this soldier citizen, this friend, this man, went on.

Mr. HEDGE. Mr. Speaker, it seems to me proper that on this birthday of Washington we should contemplate the career and character of the men, strong, high-minded men, who, in these late days, have constituted the State, the country, of which we call him father. From what has already been said, it is plain that our late companion was one of those to whom it was given to move in and to illustrate the heroic age of America. As we read between the lines of his brief biography we see that he was a high example of the American soldier. His life afterwards showed that this soldier boy, this Captain RUMPLE, felt that as his obligation to his country did not have its source or its beginning in his oath of service, so it did not have its end or fulfillment in his parchment discharge. As has just been said, as a citizen he perceived his duty through all these forty years of manifold labors and trusts confided in him by his neighbors, and always performed that duty without parade and without reserve.

I first met him casually when he was a member of our State senate, a man already enjoying the confidence and esteem of all the people of his State. Afterwards he removed to the town in which I lived, and practiced law and made himself known at once as a high-minded lawyer, industrious, faithful to the interests of his clients, faithful to the cause of justice, fair and square and, therefore, with his intelligence and his industry, a dangerous antagonist. We have not time, nor is it necessary, to go over the different stages of this good life. We know that his people at home, through all these years, from his boyhood to his mature age, believed in him, trusted him, and loved him. I saw him last in July, last summer, when he must have known, as the rest of us knew, that the sentence of death had been passed upon him. Serenely, bravely, and cheerfully he passed through these months of trial, these hours of agony, concealing the trouble within him, the mainstay and support of his family and friends until the very end. He is gone. We shall have no more the comfort of his personal presence or of his kindly ways; but the memory and example of that gentle life, of that high service, of that pure character shall be a precious possession and inspiring influence to all who knew him, as long as human affection and human memory shall endure.

Mr. SMITH of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, on his last journey through the Commonwealth of Iowa, in which President McKinley gave forth any public utterance, he said that "duty disregarded brings shame more hard to bear than any burden that duty can put upon us." That Congressman RUMPLE was a man of patriotism and of courage is evidenced by the history of his country, which records more than four years of service in the Union Army, in which, without the aid of influence other than his own fidelity, he fought his way up from a private to a captain in one of the most gallant regiments enlisted in the civil war. That he was a man and a lawyer of ability is evidenced by the fact that he stood at the head of the bar of his locality for more than thirty years, where he had no mean antagonists to meet.

That he was a man of simple piety is evidenced by the long service he rendered to the humble church at his home, and by the life he led, consistent with that service. That he was a good neighbor and a good man is evidenced by the general and profound sorrow that was everywhere displayed in the home where he had lived so long over the news of his death. That he was a kind and loving husband and father is attested by the profound grief displayed by the wife and daughter he was compelled to leave behind.

The overshadowing characteristic of Captain RUMPLE was his fidelity to duty. Nearly a year ago, when the malady which

caused his death first made its appearance, many of his most devoted friends pleaded with him to abandon the discharge of his duties here, that he might receive proper treatment, and perchance preserve his strength and his life for the discharge of duties yet to come. But he insisted that certain duties rested upon him here, which he must discharge before he could leave this city for that treatment which should have been promptly given if it was to avail at all. He remained, and remained too long. The malady became so fastened upon him that medical skill could do nothing for him; and he then calmly and courageously met death, in the supreme faith that He who cooled the furnace and smoothed the stormy wave—

And tamed the Chaldean lions is mighty still to save.

At the birth of our religion, when the faithful looked for the early second coming of our Lord, men were content to believe in a resurrection deferred until that coming; but the lapse of twenty centuries has not been without its effect upon the faith and the belief of devout men everywhere. And many now believe, as I believe, that the very hour of death is the morning of the resurrection, and that this dear old friend has already received that reward which is due to duty well performed.

Mr. THOMPSON. Mr. Speaker, we have assembled here to-day to pay a last loving tribute to the memory of our departed friend and fellow-member, JOHN N. W. RUMPLE, who has passed over the dark river and now rests under the trees on the other side.

Did I say a "last" tribute? It may be our last official and formal tribute, but it will not be the last time that our hearts throb with grief or our memories kindle with kindly emotions within us at the thought or mention of his name.

We gather here with uncovered heads and sad hearts as we reflect how short a time has elapsed since he sat among us in this Hall, but that to-day he is with the unnumbered hosts who have gone on to their reward.

Though young in Congressional experience, Mr. RUMPLE had already given ample proof of statesmanlike ability and promise of a long and useful legislative career. He was still in the prime of life, and when we see such a man stricken down suddenly at the outset of an honorable and valuable service in the national councils we can only bow before the unknowable in deep humility of spirit and acknowledge that the best, the bravest, and the strongest of us are but as chaff before the whirlwind. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and while we can not now understand the decrees of His divine providence, we must believe that "He doeth all things well."

My acquaintance with Mr. RUMPLE began only with the beginning of the present Congress, but even in that short time it soon ripened into warm friendship. My experience in this respect was that of many others among us. Mr. RUMPLE's character and disposition were such that he naturally attracted to himself the love and confidence of his fellow-men. He was one of that sterling type of men, alas, all too rare, who are true as steel and of brilliant capabilities, but yet modest and unassuming and void of self-conceit and self-seeking. The record of his life bespeaks his character. We see him, as a boy, striving diligently to get an education, yet leaving his university at the call of duty and entering the Union Army as a private soldier, and no man in all that mighty host did his full duty more nobly. His name is not inscribed high up on the roll of famous generals or admirals, but he was one of the bravest and most efficient of those hundreds of thousands of "boys in blue" who really fought and won the battles for the North, and without whom the famous generals would have had no fame to win. He served all through the dreadful four years of the civil war, fought in more than thirty battles, including Corinth, Iuka, New Madrid, Island No. 10, Farmington, Tupelo, Columbia, Franklin, and Nashville, and was mustered out at the end of the war with the rank of captain, which he had richly won by his long, devoted, and gallant service in the field.

After the surrender, Captain RUMPLE was stationed for a while at Selma, Ala., with Grierson's Raiders, and he always seemed to enjoy telling me his reminiscences and experiences in the South. He spoke in the highest terms of the people of the South, and evidently entertained the warmest regard and kindest feeling for the old ex-Confederate soldiers whom he had so often faced in deadly combat. He was one of the members of the House whom I invited to go South with me on the trip of last May for the purpose of studying the negro question, and he was sorely disappointed because circumstances prevented him from joining the party. Notwithstanding the fact that he had waged constant warfare against the Confederate Army for four years, and had been exposed to the fire of that army in more than thirty battles, he respected the South and had become a good friend of the South, and, like the true patriot and broad-minded citizen that he was, he had laid aside all hostile sectional feeling.

After the war we see Mr. RUMPLE settling down at once into the ranks of useful, industrious private citizens. He resumed



his interrupted studies, adopted the legal profession, and by sheer force of merit and industry worked his way up into a good practice and a good standing in his community. Though seeking no honors or preferments, many came to him unsought. He was often elected to the Iowa State senate and had held many municipal offices, including the mayoralty in his own city; and at last he was chosen by his district to represent it at the nation's capital.

Is it not true, Mr. Speaker, that such a career as this is the nearest in accord with the ideally successful life? It does not include the gaining of a Rothschild's wealth or a Napoleon's renown, but it does include the gaining of the esteem and preference of a whole community; it does include the winning of the love and respect of all acquaintances; it does include the record of having braved death for the sake of the general welfare, and of having done the State much valuable service; and a man with such a record must be deemed truly great as well as good. But now, alas!

He is gone who seemed so great,  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

The affection which Mr. RUMPLE inspired was his by natural right, for he was gentle and friendly in spirit and made friends easily and naturally. As we all know, he was highly esteemed by his colleagues from his own State, and was regarded by them as a man of excellent judgment. He fully justified here the confidence which his constituents had placed in him, for he looked closely after the interests of the people whom he represented and watched with jealous care every commission intrusted to him.

Mr. RUMPLE had for some time suffered from a malady which he seemed to recognize as incurable, but he bore this affliction with marked fortitude and patience. He was a devoted husband and father. In his death the members of his family have suffered an irreparable loss. I myself have lost a friend whose friendship I cherished, and the great State of Iowa has been deprived of the services of one of her best citizens and ablest Representatives.

How true it is, Mr. Speaker, that if one wishes to find out what kind of a man a man is one must find out what his family, his friends, and his acquaintances think of him. A good man may have a few enemies through their spite or envy, but a bad man, or a weak man, or a cold, selfish man can not have the love and esteem of a whole community in general. And as I pay this heartfelt tribute to the memory of this good man and dear friend I mourn his loss as a personal grief, and I sympathize deeply with those who loved him as husband, father, and neighbor.

Surely, "in the midst of life we are in death;" and since the grim monster has visited our body so frequently during this Congress, we are forcibly reminded that—

Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God.

Yes, sixteen of our number have been called to answer the summons of death; and while we can not but be saddened by these frequent and inscrutable dispensations of God's providence, we bow in humble submission to His divine will, believing that He "loveth whom He chasteneth."

In bidding a last, long farewell to Mr. RUMPLE we perform a labor of love and take formal notice of a life well spent for the good of his fellow-men and for the honor and glory of his country. As a friend he was sincere; as an associate, pleasant, generous, and affable; as a worker, serious, diligent, and devoted to duty. He was truly a representative of the people and labored unceasingly for their interests. May we strive to emulate the noble traits of his character and to perpetuate the good deeds which he delighted in doing for his fellow-men. Thus may it prove to us all, as it surely has to him, that "death is the crown of life," and that "the King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace." Thus may we all be enabled to realize in the fullness of time that—

There is no death! What seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

Mr. HAUGEN. Mr. Speaker, on this sad occasion it is fitting that I should offer a few observations on the life and character of my beloved and greatly admired colleague, Captain RUMPLE. It was my privilege and pleasure to know him for a number of years, and to know him more intimately during his short stay here in Washington, where our duties brought us in frequent and friendly contact.

I believe I voice the sentiment of every member of this House, as well as the sentiment of his constituents and all who knew him, when I say that he was a man of unusually high character, sterling qualities, loving disposition, eminently sociable, pleasant,

courteous, obliging, talented, endowed with lofty ideals and purposes, with untiring energy, always conscientious, attentive to his duties, loyal to his friends, and with a firm determination to do justice to all.

I have observed closely his faithful and efficient work here in this House and the committees, especially the Committee on Invalid Pensions, a committee which all of us have occasion to visit probably more than any other. The appointment of Captain RUMPLE to this important committee was in itself a tribute to his worth and was indeed a wise selection. In him the old soldiers had a faithful and warm friend. In this committee he labored diligently early and late with his colleagues; as I am informed, they many times worked into the early hours of morning. The interests of the old soldiers and the Government were carefully and judiciously guarded. His unceasing efforts were to have pensions granted on their merits; his pride was to legislate so as to maintain the pension roll as a roll of honor. He himself had given four years and three months of the best years of his life in the service of his country. He was one of those who crossed that fearful wilderness of war, fighting for the preservation of the Union and that peace, happiness, and liberty might prevail; one of those many men who so cheerfully responded to the call when the destiny of this country was trembling in the balance, inspired by the noble and glorious idea that liberty should be universal. He was thus in a position to appreciate the heroic deeds of those gallant men who brought so much fame to America, as well as the noble sacrifices which have been made.

Believing as he did in a just recognition of the services of our soldiers and sailors, he earnestly labored to secure liberal pensions and pension laws for the worthy and disabled survivors, and for their widows and orphans, and for the dispensation of pensions—volunteer offerings—which this great, grand, and grateful country of ours bestows upon those who have rendered valuable service and who have made sacrifices, and for a just recognition of the spirit of patriotism with which they served—a testimony and appreciation of the value of their eminent services, rendered their country during dark and direful hours.

He was a man who loved and fought for liberty and to the bottom of his heart hated oppression and bondage; a noble specimen of manhood, beloved, admired, and commanding the respect of all who knew him; one kindly and lovingly disposed; one who always worked earnestly and faithfully to fulfill the duties incumbent upon him, and one who so honorably and gloriously succeeded.

Modestly and unassumingly he went along, quietly attending to his public duties, wasting no time in trying to make himself conspicuous. He was a man of action more than words; not an orator, though a forcible, logical, and convincing speaker. Instead of trying to rise above the people he, as our greatest statesmen have done, remained on the common level.

From boyhood his life was pure and stainless, rising from the humble walks of life to a high position socially, politically, and professionally. Such results could have been attained only by fidelity to duty and unfaltering faith in rectitude of purpose dominated by the loftiest and noblest ideals. It was impossible to know this talented man without observing his noble and loving disposition—knowing him, it was impossible not to become attached to him, to love him and be inspired with the fullest confidence and respect for his noble characteristics.

He was a man of integrity, sound judgment, wise, broad minded, liberal, and exalted. A truer, more energetic, earnest, and sincere man never lived.

His character, his success, his record, both private and public, is an open book without a stain of immorality, deception, fraud, or corruption. His loyalty to principle, his devotion to truth, his untiring energy, his lofty and noble ideals, and conscientious work enabled him to attain and hold the position which he occupied in the thoughts, esteem, and affections of his countrymen, enjoying and deserving the confidence and respect of all, and always pursuing his duty with fidelity and a determination to do justice, and ever a firm believer and advocate of sincerity, honesty, integrity, justice, equality, conscientious dealings, purity of heart, thought, and action.

In his Christian home he was a devoted and kind husband, an affectionate father, a friendly and obliging neighbor. In Captain RUMPLE we find a very interesting and remarkable career. Born in Ohio in 1841, settling in his early manhood in Iowa on a farm, pluckily, energetically, and vigorously pursuing his education, next we see him a teacher, a soldier in the Union Army, always true, loyal, and brave, where he saw much service and engaged in many battles; an eminent lawyer, for many years serving in the legislative halls of his own State, where he distinguished himself as a statesman and trusted servant of the people. His next honor was his election to Congress, where we can all testify to his ability and fidelity.

In his short career here he acquired a large circle of devoted friends and admirers. His death causes sincere and profound

regret to all. He died in the full maturity of his mental vigor. Truly it can be said that his life was well spent and full of good deeds. He died at a time when his life, character, his example, sound judgment, and wisdom were of the greatest value to his country.

In him we have an example of the self-made man to the fullest extent of its meaning. And what a splendid example; what an incentive to all. If one is to succeed in life, either public or private, it must be by fidelity to duty, cherishing noble and lofty ideals, with an unfaltering faith in rectitude of purpose, with a firm determination to do right and justice; and our guiding star should ever be sincerity, honesty, integrity, justice, equality, conscientious dealings, purity of heart, thought, and action, denouncing and shunning deceit and conceit.

Mr. THOMAS of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise for the purpose of joining with my associates of the House in paying tribute to the life and character of our friend, Captain RUMPLE, of Iowa, who has recently been called away from our midst.

Captain RUMPLE belonged to that earnest, quiet, and unostentatious class of men who move along among their fellows, performing the duties that devolve upon them in a modest and unassuming manner, almost unobserved by those with whom they associate. He was not one of those who was ever exploiting his own importance or boasting his accomplishments, as do some we meet with in the course of everyday life. He was a quiet man, yet he never undertook anything in a weak-hearted manner. With him there was a sensitive cord drawing the line between right and wrong, and, always led onward by a motive to do right, his actions in the present were directed by a steadfast hope in the future. There are those, and I think that Captain RUMPLE may well be said to have been one of them, who are never disturbed by the past, except as it may serve to furnish lessons for the future—who perform the duties of the day as they come along, molding them for the future.

It is not that class of men that attracts the notice and receives the plaudits of the passers-by in immediate approbation of their exploits, to be forgotten when the procession has passed; but when their sturdy and earnest life is rounded up we see their influence impressed upon the things with which they were brought in close relation. It is this character of men that makes the world better and happier for their having lived in it.

Mr. RUMPLE was born and reared on the farm, receiving such advantages in the way of education, while on the farm, as could be given to farmers' boys generally who possess the intelligence, energy, and grit to make proper application of the opportunities that arise from poverty and from breathing the healthful atmosphere and engaging in the invigorating exercises of farm life. His boyhood surroundings were modest and frugal, but they taught him those lessons of honesty, economy, integrity, and industry that characterized his entire course during his after life. It is from this class, surrounded by such influences, that have arisen the men and women who have left their impress upon our institutions.

It is from this class, and surrounded by like influences, that have come those who have made our nation famous in the fields of statesmanship, finance, literature, and art. The wholesome influences that surround farm life give to the farmer's boy life and soul, inspired with energy and courage, to go out into the world and successfully engage with the forces that lie in the road to success. Nowhere is that freedom of thought and freedom of action as clearly displayed to the young mind as on the farm, where every ripple of the stream, every song of the bird, every sighing of the breeze, every lowing of the herd, is an inspiration to the young mind and an incentive to good citizenship and love of country. A gentle spirit, a pure heart, and active mind, fanned and fed by an invigorating atmosphere, grow and expand in the full development of man and in the broadening of an exalted manhood. These were the influences that surrounded Captain RUMPLE during his boyhood days and as he grew into the state of manhood. These were the influences that inspired him with a love of home and home life, and at the same time filled his soul with a patriotic love of country.

The firing on Fort Sumter was not only the signal of secession. It was, in a more significant sense, the liberation of Northern thought. It, at once, concentrated the minds of the people on the fact that we have an American Union, and that, as emblematical of that Union, an American flag, and that the Union had been attacked and its emblem torn down. The thought of the American people both North and South had been centered on the question of slavery, but as the reverberation of the discharge of the first gun was heard, the fact that the paramount question now before the American people was not slavery in itself, but the American Union, dawned upon the people and filled their minds with alarm. Imbued with this idea and impressed with the importance to mankind of maintaining the Union unbroken and

unimpaired, the young men of the country, with patriotic fervor, responded to the nation's call for troops.

Mr. RUMPLE enlisted in the Army for the Union, and remained in the service for more than four years, and was among the last of that great Army to be mustered out after the close of the war. For valiant and faithful service he was promoted from his position of enlistment as a private, through the several gradations of office, to that of captain, which position he held at the time of his discharge. His was not a service of ease or idleness. He was under General Grant at Vicksburg and under Thomas at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and whether on the march to Jackson, Miss., and at the capture of that place, or in the several battles on the countermarch, or in the trenches around Vicksburg, or whether engaged in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, or in pursuit of General Hood, he always manifested that deliberate courage and unshrinking fidelity to duty that formed the guiding star to his whole life.

He was not led to enlist in the Army through any hope of ease or comfort nor from any thought of military preferment, but solely out of a sense of duty under the inspiration of patriotism and love of country. While he spent more than four years in the service, it was not because that service had any attractions congenial to his nature, but because he felt it a duty as an American citizen to maintain the integrity of the Union and to protect the honor of the American flag.

When the Union was restored, the Army discharged, and his military labors ended, he again returned to civil life, took up the study of law, was admitted to practice, and became prominent as one of the principal lawyers of the State of his adoption. Afterwards, he was elected to the legislature of the State of Iowa, of which he became a distinguished member, finally closing his career as a Representative in the Fifty-seventh Congress.

One thing may always be said of Captain RUMPLE—that a sense of duty was his guiding star through his entire life. Wherever that pointed, he was found. Whether on the farm as a boy, when growing into manhood; whether in the public schools or college; whether in the Army, in camp, or on the march, or on the field of battle; whether in the court room or in the legislative chamber, or whether in social relations with his family or friends, he was ever found actuated by the same motive.

There is no place, perhaps, where true character is more accurately reflected than in the home. The close relationship in the family circle is very sure in time to develop character in its true light and in its proper relations. With Captain RUMPLE the home, with its influences and the comforts that it afforded, was the place of his delights, and here he enjoyed the companionship of his friends with a generous cordiality.

With the last session of Congress Mr. RUMPLE was compelled to close his public career. Before the close of the session he felt that grim disease coming on that finally took him away. But he did not lose hope or courage. We saw him here attending to his official duties, looking after the interests of his constituents, attending to those matters that are required of a faithful member of this House, long after he began to feel that a prudent regard for his physical condition demanded that he cease his labors here and seek medical treatment for the disease that had begun to make its appearance and was beginning to undermine his vitality and endanger life itself. When this consideration was pressing upon him, I heard him, on several occasions, express a purpose and desire to get away to receive medical treatment; but this was always coupled with the idea, as expressed by him, that he still had this to do and that to look after before he felt warranted to leave his duties here. And so matters went on until nearly the close of the session before he left here and went to the hospital at Indianapolis, where he was soon made acquainted with the malignant character of the disease whose fangs had pierced his very life.

Now, for the first time, he realized in its full sense the seriousness of his condition, and, supported by the consciousness of a pure and upright course of living and buoyed up by the hopes of achievements to be accomplished in the future, he took up the contest for life while death seemed apparent, most manfully and with devout Christian courage. But courage must sometimes yield, and when that yielding is manifested in a loving, Christian faith, it is the mere transition from courage to resignation; and the spirit that can yield gracefully to the inevitable when the time comes will reflect its light and influence to be witnessed by those who follow after.

It soon became apparent that the disease with which Mr. RUMPLE was afflicted was of a malignant type, and that it was daily penetrating deeper and deeper and fastening its fangs upon the life that remained. With a consciousness of the approaching end he awaited its coming with a Christian fortitude only to be sustained by the hope of immortality and a faith in an ever-living God. His was a noble life, filled with deeds of love and charity and kindness, and as it went out loving friendship followed with earnest prayer.



I feel constrained to believe that in some cases, even where the whole course of life is filled with love and kindness, the sublimity of character is more vividly reflected in sickness and death and in the scenes that attend them, without murmur and without complaint, than in life itself. That patient endurance, with the consciousness ever present that the end of all that pertains to this world is fast approaching, without the hope of relief except in death, portrays a character of sublime beauty.

The life of everyone, whether it may be drawn on right lines or wrong, when it goes out, leaves its impress and influence somewhere. Some heart is touched and some chord made to thrill by it. The influence of that life does not always stop with the grave, but it goes on and enters into the lives of those that are to come. This thought is found portrayed in the life of Captain RUMPLE. He embodied in his everyday life the sentiment expressed so beautifully in the lines of the poet:

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. CALDERHEAD. Mr. Speaker, I shall not attempt on this occasion any eulogy of our deceased friend or attempt any analysis of his life and character. I come only as a comrade of my comrade, to bring one more tribute to his memory.

I never knew him until I met him first in this Congress as a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions. The few months' service we had together on that committee revealed his personal character to me by reason of our daily contact in the consideration of the same questions. Kinship of service in the same cause was supplemented by kinship of faith in the same Saviour and the same hope of eternal life. He endeared himself to me by his unflinching kindness and gentleness. I never heard a petulant word from him or a word of complaint concerning the arduous duties to which he was called or the perplexing questions that were presented to him.

I never heard any complaint from him concerning the things that sometimes have offended us all—the procedure and rules of the House. I have heard him occasionally say, with reference to some important measure, "I desired to speak, but somehow or other the duties of my committee do not leave me time for the preparation which I feel is due." And then he would go back to his committee room to resume the work to which he had been assigned. I knew nothing about his home life. It so happened that in our intercourse there had not been occasion to speak of it except in an incidental way. Yet every time it was mentioned by him it revealed the tenderness of the associations that were there. I did not know the people from whom he came or amongst whom he had spent his life; and it was not until after his death that I knew enough of his personal history to even say more about him than his record in the Congressional Directory showed.

But the inquiry made since discloses a life with the characteristics of the sons of liberty in liberty's land. Born on a farm, he was fatherless at the age of 11. At 13 driving a team and moving his widowed mother and her little children from the center of Ohio to a new home in the State of Iowa. That was nearly fifty years ago. We can picture to ourselves the long journey and the sturdy character that was daily growing in the life of the boy. At 16 a pupil in the district school of his community; at 18 a teacher in the same school; at 20 years and 4 months, enlisting as a private soldier in one of the first regiments organized in his State, and going out to the battlefield to contend about questions of life and death for the nation into which he had been born. The generation that did that is but a remnant now. As one after another the comrades fall from our side we drop our tribute, our sprig of evergreen, into the grave, an emblem of the immortality in which we hope; and then we side step to the right and the left, closing on the center, each step bringing us a little nearer to the flag and to the standard of life by which we live and by which the nation bears onward its life.

Four years of service for a boy like that! He came out a captain at the age of 24. I will not stop to repeat the great military history which was written during that time. The very names of the battlefields which have been enumerated before you testify to the character of it all; and immediately, without seeking honor at the hands of the nation he had helped to save, he turned himself to the duties of life. We next find him as a student of law. Then, after the usual time, he was admitted a member of the bar and immediately began the practice of his profession. The rest of his life was spent in the community where he was a schoolboy and where he was a law student. His neighbors testified to their appreciation of him as a man by electing him to Congress. Yet he did not appear at any time conscious of bearing honor. Cer-

tainly he was always unconscious that he was seeking honor. So delicate is that rare flower that "he who seeks it shall never find it, and he who finds it needs no name." He has gone before.

I miss the kindly light of his eye, the gentle touch of his hand, and the cheerful voice. Somehow I can not feel the sense of grief which is commonly expressed concerning the loss of a man or a friend. I feel the sense of separation, and yet I feel conscious that somewhere on the other shore such a man is looking back at the record of a life in which there may have been mistakes that even his fellow-men have forgotten, looking back upon the record of a life in which the highest motive was to endeavor to do his duty as it was laid upon him. Trained from childhood in that stern old faith that has given Christian civilization so many men of clear intellect and generous, warm hearts, his character had in it the repose which comes from reliance upon "the impregnable rock of the Scriptures." The logic of the shorter catechism decided for him the fundamental elements of justice and of right. There were never two sides to a question before him. It was always, What is right?

Returning back to this House after my absence during vacation, I passed through the city of Chicago and arrived here the day of his death. I did not know that he was then languishing in a hospital in that city, or else I should have stopped and gone again to stand beside him as he went down to the portals that mark the end of life. He endeared himself to me, and it was with more than a feeling of mere comradeship; it was with that fraternal feeling which sometimes ties our lives together without our knowing why or how. Since I knew that this day had been set aside for addresses in his memory, I wrote to one of his friends at his home, asking a question pertaining to him. In reply I received the following answer, which I will read as worthy of a place in the RECORD:

MARENGO, IOWA, February 18, 1903.

HON. W. A. CALDERHEAD, M. C.,  
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 15th instant received this morning, too late, I fear, to get to you the papers I mail to your address to-day by Friday. The papers referred to contain Mr. RUMPLE's record quite fully.

It was my privilege to office with him six years, having desk room with him. A warm friendship grew out of this close association, one for the other. He would have reached his sixty-second year had he lived until March 4. My acquaintance with him covered twenty-five years. I was with him at the Cedar Rapids Congressional convention twenty years ago, when he made his first effort to gain a nomination for Congress, where Hon. James Wilson, now Secretary of Agriculture, won out by one majority over him. No citizen of this city or of the State ever left a cleaner or more honorable record than RUMPLE. He loved to live, and made a gallant fight for life. His friendships were many and close, and he had the reputation of standing loyally by his friends.

While he lived plainly and was temperate in all things, he accumulated but little. He was most liberal in his dealings, always a contributor to all good and worthy objects. He often said to me that he might be more properly designated as a compromiser of difficulties between men than an attorney. By and through his disposition and habit of settling litigation outside of court he missed many a fat fee. I was a witness to many such settlements in his office. But when he once landed a case in court he was one of the hardest fighters during these years among the members of the bar of this part of the State.

He was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, for years leader of the choir.

He was married twice, a daughter by his first wife, a widow for several years, making her home with him. A son by his second wife died about twenty-five years ago. He had a very pleasant and comfortable little home, only recently built.

Mr. RUMPLE was never active in his own behalf for political advancement. It was the spontaneous and zealous work of his friends which made his advancement possible. In the last campaign for Congress no movement was ever made by him for such nomination. Every move, from start to finish, was made without his knowledge or consent by his friends in Iowa County, reinforced by friends in every county in the district.

The people's faith and confidence in his honesty and sincerity of purpose was fixed and substantial. His friendship was not limited to any particular class, but he was as easily approached by the most humble and unfortunate citizen as those occupying opposite positions in business or society. JOHN RUMPLE was everybody's friend, is about the simplest form of stating it.

With my kindest personal regards, I am, very truly, yours,

D. M. ROWLAND.

As we measure the lives of our colleagues who have passed on from us, we do more than pay tribute to them. We lay binding upon ourselves obligations to the highest performance of duty; and the life and example and friendship of my comrade binds me to further efforts, that I may in some way yet meet his approval and meet the approval of the Great Master.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE MOODY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. KLUTTZ. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina offers the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a faithful and distinguished public servant, the House at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.  
*Resolved*, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.  
 The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. KLUTTZ. Mr. Speaker, JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY was my warm personal friend. I had known him for many years, and our friendship dated from our first acquaintance. We differed widely in politics, but it is a pleasure now to recollect that our personal relations were never affected thereby. He was a true son of North Carolina, and his heart was big, like the mountains at whose base he was born and reared and buried.

No man in a single term in Congress ever acquired more general esteem and confidence than he.

Never noisy or demonstrative, but always courteous, obliging, indefatigable, intelligent, he compelled the good will of his associates and accomplished much for his constituents.

So lately did he move among us in apparent health and strength it is hard to realize that, in the very maturity of his powers, he has gone from us to join the silent "democracy of the dead." Few who met him in his last days of service here knew that he was bearing about with him, consciously, yet bravely and silently, the almost certainty of his speedy outgoing. Loyal to his own, he went home to die.

Born February 12, 1858, he was not yet 45 years of age, yet in the brief span of his life he had filled many positions of trust, and always with honor.

As prosecuting attorney for his judicial district, as State senator, as major and division commissary in the Spanish-American war, and latterly as a Representative in this House he had worn all honors worthily and well. Simple in his habits, unostentatious in his manner, genial in his address, candid, and yet considerate of the feelings of all, he was emphatically a man of the people, and the people loved him. Most touching were the demonstrations of affection and regret as we laid him to rest beneath the shadows of his own loved mountains, his bier surrounded by weeping multitudes of lifelong friends and neighbors. A beloved wife and six devoted children survive him, but they mourn not as those who have no hope, for in life, "before the evil days came nigh," he made his peace with God and died in that peace which passeth all understanding.

Let us be warned of the uncertainty of life by his untimely taking off.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still like muffled drums are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

Decay and dissolution are irrevocably written by the iron pen of destiny across the page of life. Life and death are interwoven in our being in the very hour of birth, and in all life we bear the seeds and certainty of death. The conflict between these forces is irrepressible, the end inevitable.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." "One event happeneth to all; as dies the fool so dies the wise man."

Fortunate is our endowment, that we can not fully realize these great truths in personal application, else life would be but living death.

And yet to each of us the dread summons must come, as it has come to all who have lived before us.

The fathers, where are they?

To each of us, if spared from "battle, murder, and sudden death," there will some time come a sickness unto death. There will be a last gathering of friends and loved ones around the bedside, a few faintly spoken adieus, a stilling of the life pulse, and the dark wing of the death angel will brush out our mortal vision forever. There will be the hush of whispered voices, and the soft tread of slipped feet in the silent chamber of death, a little cortege to the tomb, and the clods of the valley will cover us.

And is this all? Endeth thus the dream of life in the darkness and death damp of the grave?

Shall the funeral pall enshroud us forever? Has He who planted reproductive life in the insensate and inanimate failed or forgotten it in His highest creature, man? Is man of less account than seed, and fruit and flower, and egg and nut, that he should die forever, while they perpetuate life perennially?

Nay, verily the lesson of all life is that man is immortal and his life eternal.

The grave but vainly entombs the chrysalis of immortality.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Yea and amen; by every analogy of life, by every law of nature, by every principle of evolution, by every deduction of biology, by every yearning of the soul, by every revelation of God he shall live again, and live forever. Annihilation is the exceptional nightmare of wailing despair; immortality the universal intuition of hoping humanity.

And what of that life in the great beyond? We build for it here day by day, and as certainly as the builder determines the character of his structure by the material used, so certainly do

we determine our status in the great hereafter by the life we now live in the flesh. "Be not deceived; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

It is a consolation to believe that our departed friend builded well; that he found the more than philosopher's stone—the pearl of great price—and that it is well with his soul.

The admonition of this solemn hour is, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Mr. Speaker, I ask permission to append to these remarks some extracts from the funeral address by Rev. J. E. Abernethy, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Waynesville, N. C., who was Mr. MOODY's pastor. I also ask unanimous consent that members who so desire may have leave to print.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. That order has already been made.

The extracts from the funeral address of Rev. J. E. Abernethy are as follows:

Like the majority of great men, Mr. MOODY spent the first part of his life in the midst of stubborn difficulties. While he was only a poor boy, laboring on the farm, ardent desires to become useful and distinguished, hopes and dreams of future greatness, those voiceless longings for immortality, filled his veins with fire. The restless emulation that at first thrilled his ambitious heart at the mention of great names, the wild hopes which flushed the cheek and made the pulse beat quick as he pondered upon the future, never left him. His heart was of heroic mold. As he struggled up the steep and thorny way of life, his mighty courage laughed at the obstacles that crowded about him. Difficulties that have daunted and dismayed other men were but stepping stones to him. He had that assurance which is ever the companion of genius and that royal faith whose eagle eye pierced through the darkest night and saw the day beyond. Like the boy of Sparta, when his sword was too short he added a step to it. Finally he was crowned with success.

For twenty years he has been a leader in almost every public interest of this county. His optimistic spirit, his commanding presence, his wealth of common sense, always placed him in the forefront of the great movements of his people. He had the divine art of doing great things with ease.

As a representative of the bar he was one of the most successful of the State. He was especially prominent as a criminal lawyer. His public service gave general satisfaction to all classes of people, regardless of faith or party. As State senator, as Congressman, no man ever labored more enthusiastically for the good of his county. He seemed to have every man's interest at heart, and he labored hard that he might do the best for each and all. He was devoted to his work, and no social occasion ever persuaded him away from duty.

But it is not necessary to speak at length of his public services. Their character is the best attestation of their worth and sincerity. They glow upon his country's history. They burn in shimmering glory upon his country's banner. They are written upon hearts of multitudes with a stylus of fire.

As a man he was a center of attraction, a favorite among all classes of people. To know him was to love him. His great heart and personal magnetism, his manly sympathy and noble affability, charmed thousands into his friendship. On this ground many men of the opposite political faith forgot their own party and voted for him.

It has been said that he was as familiar with the Congressmen, the President, and his Cabinet, as he was with the men of his own town, and at the same time the poorest boy—the most friendless man in all these mountains—found in him a friend in the truest sense. He was preeminently a friend to the poor and needy. When he could help his friends, he did it promptly and with great pleasure. When he was unable to do a friend a favor, he did not rest until he found some one who could. He was often in debt, but it was due to the fact that he borrowed money to lighten some man's burden.

Like all other men he had his faults, but he was so generous, so charitable, so warm hearted, so great that many people never recognized anything in his life but the virtues that made him prominent. He was a man of marked character, of pronounced qualities, of Roman dignity and deserved distinction. There was an inflexible integrity in his public conduct, an indescribable fascination in his familiar conversation, a condensed energy in his discourse, a quickness of perception, a vigor of deduction, a directness and devotedness of purpose in all he did as a representative of the people.

Major MOODY's life was an incarnation of the proverb of Sallust, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune."

Many a poor and helpless boy will see in his life an illustration of the mighty fact that the way to greatness is open to all, and from that illustration many will receive an inspiration to rise from their poverty, ignorance, and lethargy and take the way that leads to prosperity and renown. Great men by the study of his life will become greater. Representatives from our Government will receive from his example a new accession to their love of patriotism and their passion for national prosperity.

The news of his death waked the keenest grief in the hearts of thousands. Countless homes have been darkened by the shadow of this death angel's wing. Language has no power to express the overshadowing, overpowering sense of our country's common loss.

When his spirit left us we could but exclaim—

"Another beacon light blown out above us,  
 Another buoy bell stilled upon the sea."

We all but feel as if a corpse were lying in our own homes. Now that he has been taken from our midst, he who has been a guide and a leader in this generation, he who has been so strong to stand and so bold to go forward, he who has been such a fortress and tower to so many—now that he is gone forever, may God's richest blessings rest upon all who are bereaved.

Heavenly Father, send Thy grace and consolation to this mourning people. Bless the wife—Thou who hast put in the Holy Bible so many words for the widow, bless and comfort and guide her through life.

Let Thy richest grace comfort these children. Lead each one of them into the very best and most useful life. Grant unto them to feel the immense responsibility of inheriting the fame of their father. God Almighty, bless every friend and loved one who has been made sad by this death.

Help us all, Thou great God of our salvation, help us all to consecrate our lives to Jesus Christ. May we all be a blessing to our country and make our generation better for having lived.

Finally give us a home in Thy glorious and eternal Kingdom, and the praise shall be thine forever.

Mr. POUL. Mr. Speaker, others have spoken of the life work of our deceased friend. Others have told of the struggle of his



early manhood; how he overcame every obstacle and rose to prominence; of his success at the bar and in the political arena. It is merely my purpose to place a little bunch of acacias on his grave in token of my friendship for my dead colleague.

While his name still lingers upon the records of this Congress, while we still see his familiar face, it is well we should pause to speak of his good qualities, that those who come after us may know that when JAMES M. MOODY died his State lost a devoted son and his country a patriotic Representative in Congress.

How soon the greatest are almost entirely forgotten! For a moment we may think the services of the most eminent member of this body are indispensable to his country, and yet, when Providence shall call him hence, his place will be immediately filled and the machinery of Government never for an instant will stop. It were well if we could all keep in mind that life is but death's prelude, simply execution's stay.

I desire to record this estimate of our deceased friend. He was kind hearted and generous. He despised not one of God's creatures. He could not cherish malice. He was tender in his home. It was not characteristic of him to speak evil of any man. He ardently loved his State. He was an American, willing to risk his life for his country. He was honest in his convictions. As a lawyer he was faithful to his clients, as solicitor in the courts he was faithful to his State, as a Representative in Congress he was faithful to the interest of the Republic as God gave him light to see.

And he believed in God. In the thunder he heard His voice; in the sunshine he saw His smile, and in the growing crops he perceived His all-pervading goodness and mercy.

As the spirit of this generous, patriotic man was passing out, as the beautiful mountains around his home were fading in life's twilight, as the merry laughter of rippling Richland was dying in his ears, let us hope it was mercifully granted to him to see the white spires of the Celestial City and hear the music of the eternal morn.

Mr. GIBSON. Mr. Speaker, it was said by Mark Antony in the Roman forum, with the dead body of the greatest of all Romans before him—

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

We, Mr. Speaker, come here to-day not to bury our late colleague and associate, JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, but to praise him. He was a man who deserved praise. Born and reared in the mountains of North Carolina, he was emphatically a mountain man, possessing all of the characteristics of the best specimens of typical mountaineers. I know these mountaineers, Mr. Speaker. I have lived among them. Whenever I strike a mountaineer, I have a certain measure of respect for him, for he has come from the hands of God, without the additions which art or fashion puts upon the most of men. He is emphatically a God-made man. The mountain men, not only of North Carolina, but of every section of our country, and especially the mountain men from the regions east of the Mississippi, have been noted during the whole of our history for the possession of many of the grandest characteristics that adorn eminence in manhood, citizenship, and patriotism.

The mountain men of North Carolina, like those of Tennessee, are Nature's own children. You need not go among them to find leaders of fashion or gay followers of frivolity. They do not belong to the class who—

Caper nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But as friends none are more true, as citizens none are more patriotic, as Christians none are more devout.

When the shadow of war darkens over the land, when the drum beats and the bugle blows, when the flag is run up in the sky, and the President calls on the brave and the patriotic to rally to the defense of our country, nowhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific, nowhere between the Lakes and the Gulf, do you find more men to rally or men to rally more quickly under the banner of their country than the stalwart sons of these mountains, and none braver or stronger.

In the dark days of the American Revolution, when the cause of old England seemed in the ascendancy, when the hearts of Washington and his compeers had begun to weaken, and the bright-winged dove of hope seemed about to fly away and the black-winged vulture of despair to take its place, when Georgia had been subjugated and Cornwallis had overrun South Carolina and North Carolina and was moving toward Virginia, and all the cities upon the Northern coast were in the possession of British soldiers or sailors, then it was that the men of the mountains in which JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY was born and raised, under the leadership of John Sevier, afterwards the first governor of Tennessee, and Isaac Shelby, afterwards the first governor of Kentucky, and their immortal compatriots, without any orders from the General Government, without any of them wearing a uniform, without any of them armed with a weapon except those

purchased with their own money, and mounted on their own horses, descending from those mountains of North Carolina like an avalanche of valor and patriotism, on that fateful day in October, 1780, fell upon the British troops under Ferguson, at Kings Mountain, and delivered a blow whose echoes were heard throughout the length and breadth of the infant Republic, encouraging the hearts of patriots everywhere, and whose reverberations crossed the Atlantic Ocean and warned King George that the tide of battle had at last turned against him in this New World.

When, in the next war with England, after our armies had been defeated in almost every battle on American soil, after Hull had surrendered at Detroit, after this city had been captured, the Capitol burned, the defenses of Baltimore bombarded, our sea-coasts ravaged by English soldiers and English ships, when, in January, 1815, the victorious hosts of England were about to capture New Orleans, and in capturing New Orleans capture Louisiana and the Mississippi River and all that great Western country out of which so many grand States have since been carved, then it was that the mountain men of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky confronted the British forces on the plain of Chalmette, confronted the veteran soldiers who had defeated the armies of Napoleon in old Europe—then it was that these mountain riflemen, with Andrew Jackson at their head, hurled back the armies of Pakenham and Gibbs, and won that victory which has made the name of Jackson and the battle of New Orleans immortal in the history of our country and in the annals of the world.

Mr. MOODY himself had no opportunity to distinguish himself in war, but when the conflict with Spain arose he at once offered his services to his country, and became an officer in our Army. He did all any brave man and patriot could do to show his devotion to his country; and if the necessities of the war had called him to the field of battle, he no doubt would have proved himself a worthy son of our mountain land.

Mr. MOODY lived at Waynesville, in "the land of the sky," a beautiful little mountain city 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by mountains 6,000 feet above the level of the sea—more than a mile high. Look which way you will from Mr. MOODY's home and a most magnificent panorama of mountains stands before you, some of the peaks towering sublimely far into the heavens. Notably among these peaks is Junaleska, glorious in its majesty and sublime in its proportions. While we were attending the funeral the clouds and mists enveloped all of the valleys and lower mountains. The great breast of Junaleska was enveloped as in a mighty garment, but through the rifts of the mists could be seen the sunlight on its summit glittering like a crown of glory in the upper sky, recalling vividly the familiar lines—

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Such were the surroundings of Mr. MOODY's home. None could be lovelier, none more inspiring; and as were the mountains, so was he—massive in his person, a huge body, a great head, stalwart arms, legs of oak, and a heart big, brave, and bountiful. No better specimen of our mountain men ever sat on this floor. Some may have thought him rather rough in his exterior, but, Mr. Speaker—

Within the oyster's shell uncouth  
The purest pearl may bide;  
Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth  
Within that rough outside.

Such was JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY. As a mountain man I had a fellow feeling for him, as a patriot I honored him, as a friend I loved him. In the very prime of life, but a few days ago in the very glory of healthful manhood, apparently armed against disease from head to foot, with apparently thirty years of active, useful, honorable life ahead of him, and behold, all on a sudden, we saw the flag above this Hall at half-mast. Many of us, knowing nothing of his sickness, and, if knowing anything, not in the least suspecting a fatal issue, inquired "Who is dead?" The answer came, "JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY."

He was dead, and his death warns us that death is no respecter of persons. That the stoutest, the bravest, the boldest, the youngest are as apt to be reached by the fatal shaft of the impartial archer as is the old man, tottering on his last legs, feebly walking, bent and bowed, with the aid of a cane.

Let us draw a lesson from this, Mr. Speaker, to so conduct our lives that when the end comes to us—as come it must, and come it will, and how soon we know not, for no man knoweth whose name is written upon the arrow which the archer, Death, will next draw from his quiver—let us so live that when the end comes to us we may fold our arms in hopeful resignation, trusting that when we close our eyes for the last time we close them to this world of trouble and of sorrow only to open them in that other world of peace and joy, in that other "land of the sky," where they will never be closed again, and that there, ready to greet us, in that

blessed country of immortality we will behold, transfigured and all glorious, the person of our friend and colleague, JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY.

Mr. THOMAS of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, When a few weeks ago the wires flashed to his colleagues in Congress the sad news of the sudden death of JAMES M. MOODY the first impression, mingled with regret, made upon my mind was that the pitiless destroyer of mankind had stricken down in the prime of life one who was apparently the most robust of all the members of the North Carolina delegation. Possessing a powerful physical frame and a strong constitution, it seemed to those who knew him well that many years of active life were before him. But men, as well as States and nations, must bow to the divine decree, and while we are divinely told that the allotted period of man's life is three score and ten years, it is the universal human experience that death has no time and no season.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Horace, the Latin poet, voices another experience of humanity when he says:

"Pallida mors sequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres"—  
Pale death with impartial foot knocks at the cottages of the poor and the  
palaces of kings. "Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam"—  
The short span of life forbids us to form remote expectations.

JAMES MONTRAVILLE MOODY, Republican, of Waynesville, was born on a farm in Cherokee (now Graham) County, N. C., February 12, 1858. While an infant his parents moved to Haywood County, where he lived and died. As a boy he worked on the farm during the summer months and attended the neighborhood schools in the winter. At the age of 17 he entered Waynesville Academy, remaining two years, and then attended Candler College, in Buncombe County, N. C., for one year; studied law under a private instructor at Waynesville, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1881. In 1886 was elected prosecuting attorney of the twelfth judicial district of North Carolina, and served in that capacity for four years. In 1894 was elected to the State senate for two years. He served through the Spanish-American war as major and chief commissary of United States Volunteers on the staff of Maj. Gen. J. Warren Keifer, who commanded the First Division of the Seventh Army Corps. He was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, receiving 19,334 votes, to 17,250 for W. T. Crawford, Democrat.

This brief biographical sketch from the Congressional Directory discloses the sterling qualities of this man, to whom to-day we pay a last and an accustomed, but heart-felt and sincere, tribute of respect. Lawyer, State senator, solicitor or prosecuting attorney, major in the Spanish-American war, and Congressman—in the brief period of forty-five years few men have achieved such varied distinction. Every position which he won was by dint of hard and earnest work, and was the result of physical and mental toil and effort. His success in life was achieved in his own home, among the mountains of North Carolina, which he loved so well. If nothing was to stay the cold hand of death, it was meet and appropriate that he should die within sight of those grand peaks of the Blue Ridge, piercing the clouds and skies of the "Switzerland of America"—western North Carolina—which have given inspiration and cheer and courage to so many of the most distinguished of North Carolina's many distinguished sons; men like Vance, Merrimon, Clingman, and many others who have been loved and honored by North Carolinians.

Just a week before the departure of Mr. MOODY for his home in Waynesville, when he was feeling depressed and ill, and with evidently some premonition of his approaching end, he said to a newspaper correspondent, "If I am going to die, I want to die where I have lived, among the mountains, God's country." To him it was indeed God's country, and the pure, clear air of the mountains was to him the very breath of life.

In all of us dwells the abiding sense of our local attachments, and we long in our last moments to look upon those scenes connected with the earliest and the most beloved memories and associations of our lives. When one of the Presidents of this great Republic, James A. Garfield, was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, Mr. Blaine tells us in his magnificent oration that his early craving for the sea returned and he was borne, accompanied by the hopes and prayers of the nation, to the "longed-for healing of the sea, there to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices."

And so JAMES M. MOODY craved once again for the healing of the mountains, the balsamic odors, the rugged and lofty peaks, the clear, blue sky, and the marvelous changing and shifting clouds and scenes of the "Land of the Sky."

His life was spent among the people of this land from his early boyhood, and they loved, trusted, and honored him. He was faithful and true to them and failed not to respond to every call and demand of his State or country in peace or in war. Honest,

laborious, rugged in character and physique as his native and beloved mountains, let us hope that in his last moments he drew inspiration, comfort, courage, and peace from them, and was enabled to look up and beyond the mists and shadows which surround their lofty peaks and with the eye of faith to catch some glimpses of the eternal world and feel from the mountain tops the breath of the eternal morning.

Mr. Speaker, this sudden death of our colleague, following so many other deaths in this Congress, and, in my brief service of two terms in Congress, following the death of many eminent public men, including both a President and Vice-President of the Republic, emphasizes that our human life hangs by a thread; the sword of Damocles, as we sit at the feast, is suspended over us.

"All men think all other men mortal but themselves;" and the idea of following in the footsteps of our departed colleagues in and through the dark Valley of the Shadow is far from the thoughts of any of us; yet we know neither the day nor the hour decreed for our departure. Whether it be near or far, however, the discharge of our duty to the district and the State we represent and to our country is the greatest of all earthly consolations when that inevitable hour comes.

We are told by the historian:

"Over a hundred years ago, on May 19, 1780, in New England there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as 'the dark day,' a day in which the light of the sun was extinguished as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session; and as its members saw the unexpected darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day, the Day of Judgment, had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with the legislative business."

And so, as has been well said by that great captain and leader of the Southern armies, Robert E. Lee, duty is the sublimest word in the English language; and however near the final summons may be to any one of us, the example of this old Puritan is worthy of imitation and commendation. And the discharge of our duty will be to us the most comforting thought in our last hour on earth.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. SMALL. Mr. Speaker, the great Being has decreed that death must come to all. When youth, with its rosy coloring and bright anticipations, ripens into maturity, it is the most conspicuous event which the future casts athwart the horizon. As the members of one's family and one's friends and acquaintances take their departure into the mysterious future we are constantly reminded that we, too, may be the next to cross the dark river. It is well, perhaps, that these reflections should bid us pause from time to time in the busy march of life and ask when each of us may fall from the ranks and join the innumerable company which have gone before.

Familiarity with death and the consciousness of our lot does not, however, detract from the solemnity of each occasion when we are called upon to mourn the loss of one with whom we have been associated in life. Whether we look upon it with shuddering horror, or whether faith has clothed the life to come with brightness and happiness, or whether the suffering and unhappiness of this world look with welcome upon the transition, it is still all mysterious and unfathomable by the exercise of any of the faculties with which we are endowed. Let those who have faith in immortality and in a brighter and better life nurture their faith and their anticipations, because they are thereby made happier in this world and have assurances of that which is to come.

It was not my good fortune to know intimately Mr. MOODY. While we both lived in the same State, yet we were separated several hundred miles. His home was in the mountains, under the shadow, almost, of Mount Mitchell, while my home was far even beyond the foothills, in the level tide-water plateau, near old ocean.

I dislike a fulsome eulogy to the dead. There exists in every man, particularly those who have followed the bent of ambition and achieved distinction, characteristics and impulses which single him out apart from his fellows. There are none of us without faults.

I was one of the members of this House who accompanied the committee on its sad mission to Waynesville to participate in the



last honors to all that was mortal of our late friend and colleague. On the day when we laid his body away in the beautiful cemetery the elements contributed to add their share of gloom to the occasion. In his home town, nestling in a beautiful valley and surrounded by beautiful mountains, which seem to wall it in from the outer world, the mist and the rain shrouded the mountain tops and swept over into the beautiful valley. However, this did not deter the friends and acquaintances of the dead from gathering once more to gaze upon their comrade and honored citizen and to follow the cortège to his last resting place. Not only from the town, but from the surrounding country, they came, on horseback and in vehicles, along heavy mountain roads and through the pelting rain. I talked with some of them about the dead man, and there were two characteristics upon which all were in harmony and upon which they loved to dwell. One was his kindly, impulsive, generous heart, particularly toward the helpless and the weak, and the other was his love of those whom we call the people.

I have an intense admiration for a man of kindly, humane impulses and sympathetic heart; the man who carries with him sunshine, who can weep with those who are in sorrow and laugh with those who are in gladness; who speaks a kind and cheerful word to those who are despondent and unhappy and who extends the glad hand of encouragement to those who are faint hearted; for the man who is willing to divide with the poor and who is ever ready to listen to the appeals of the less fortunate. The greatest of all virtues is charity—charity of purpose, charity of opinion, the charity which overlooks frailties and the faults of others. It was said that very few appealed to him in vain, and that there were men and women among those sturdy mountaineers who had been lifted up and encouraged and induced to turn their faces again to the light under the inspiration of his kindly nature.

Mr. MOODY had been reared among the people of the mountains. He had been in their homes; he was familiar with their habits, their trials, their hopes and aspirations. They had known him in youth and they had watched with pride his steady progress to manhood. Promotion and advancement did not cause him to forget his old friends and acquaintances. While ambitious he was not proud. As he entered the world, far removed from his old environments, surrounded by new faces and friends, his heart ever turned toward the mountains, and he was always glad of the opportunity to mingle again with his people and to stand upon his native heath. When he left this beautiful city and gazed for the last time upon its stately Capitol, he realized that he might not return again, and expressed the wish, if he must die, that he be permitted to take a last farewell in sight of his mountains and surrounded by his own people.

Charity and love of the people! These two traits alone are enough to distinguish him and to preserve his memory. The good minister who officiated in the solemn funeral services in the church referred to the beautiful floral offerings which were piled in profusion around the bier and expressed the hope that the memory of Mr. MOODY might continue longer than the fragrance and life of those beautiful flowers. That hope will be realized. Not so much by the stately granite of the mountains which shall be reared over his grave, but in the memory of the good men and women who knew his virtues in life and who will preserve them for all time to come as a sweet and precious heritage.

And then (at 4 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.), in pursuance of the resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased members, the House adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock noon.

### SENATE.

MONDAY, February 23, 1903.

Rev. F. J. PRETTYMAN, of the city of Washington, offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, we praise Thee that this great Government of ours was founded upon the sure and safe principles of religion. To seek and worship Thee in freedom of conscience and thought was the avowed purpose of that noble band of heroes who first sought these shores to establish an empire of liberty. In the early days amidst strife and hardship the nation learned to pray.

We bless Thee that Thou didst commit the great work first of establishing our independence, then of shaping and molding our national character into the hands of one who not only in ideals, but in personal character embodied the elements of truth and greatness which have been inwrought into our national history.

We praise Thee for the faith of our fathers. We pray that we may be saved from the shame of forgetfulness of the God of our fathers. Grant us the same ideals of liberty, the same exalted patriotism, the same unselfish motives, that in the severer tests and tasks which have come to us we may be enabled to successfully establish upon a yet wider and firmer basis this great empire that stands for the brotherhood of man and the glory of Thy name.

In the days of our prosperity and glory may we keep bright the memory of those, who, through Thy protection and guidance, secured to us our great blessings of civil and religious liberty, and may we continue their work in yet more firmly establishing the rights and liberties of all the people.

We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of Saturday last; when, on request of Mr. TELLER, and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, the Journal will stand approved.

### READING OF WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Washington's Farewell Address will now be read by the Senator from Idaho [Mr. DUBOIS].

Mr. DUBOIS (at the Vice-President's desk) read the address, as follows:

*To the people of the United States:*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you at the same time to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of and continuance hitherto in the office to which your suffrages have twice called me have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this previous to the last election had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence impelled me to abandon the idea. I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety, and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed toward the organization and administration of the Government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience, in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my political life my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me, and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise and as an instructive example in our annals that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection